EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company
Washington Union Coal Company

Wyoming's "Leaning Tower of Pisa," located in Sweetwater County about twenty-five miles south of Green River.

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SEPTEMBER, 1925

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Rock Springs, Wyoming

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VOLUME 2 SEPTEMBER, 1925 NUMBER 9

The Atlantic City Conference

MILD reference was made to the Anthracite Contract situation in the August Magazine. At that time the automobile was all tuned up for a ride, newly washed, plenty of gasoline, etc. The ride started off all right, with a stop at the photograph gallery for pictures, and then something happened; either the Operators jumped out of the car or the Miners put them out, statements differ—anyway the Miners came home without the rest of the party and the operators say that wholly unresonable demands were made on them and thereafter they were left to walk home. Many similar excursions have come to grief in the past, and the fond parents who own the car and pay the bills (as the public do in this case) wonder what the row is all about.

The Magazine is not a forum for the discussion of labor controversies such as might arise with us at home, we have machinery provided for that purpose; but we all have a common interest in a situation which, while remote to us and one we have no voice in the making or control of, may, through its recoil, like that of an overloaded shotgun, bruise a shoulder located far away. We have great respect and admiration for President Lewis, but there is a definite feeling abroad that the Anthracite Schedule is only one of the problems confronting him, the major one that of saving the Union in the bituminous coal fields. The writer is a believer in organization, for several reasons, all of which overshadow in his mind the objections that are frequently made to same, but organizations, like individuals or corporations, must be kept solvent if they are to live, and we are a trifle fearful that the methods employed in the past few weeks by the Mine Workers is liable to be construed by the public as "high financing." Mr. Lewis put the Operators' Committee, Mr. Warriner states, "out of the car" because of alleged lack of authority to speak for the industry, the demand made that Mr. Warriner and Mr. Richards take places on the Operators' Committee. Inasmuch as the right of the Miners' organization to select their own committee is unquestioned, a fair minded public will undoubtedly grant the same privilege to the Operators' organization. Mr. Lewis apparently assumed a great deal when he attempted to say who should serve as committeemen from the Operators' Association, and we believe that a similar attempt at dictation on the Operators' part would bring down the wrath of Mr. Lewis post haste. Assuming, however, as Mr. Lewis said, that the hands of the Operators' Committee were tied by their Association, which they positively deny to be the case, their position would be in no way different from that of the Miners' Committee, who cannot vary a "jot or tittle" from the instructions laid down for them by the Scranton Tridistrict Convention. To a man "up a tree" it would seem that the Operators' Committee were in a better position to negotiate than was the Miners' Committee, who were told what to "get."

The ominous feature of the whole situation rests, however, in the fact that a strike may occur in the anthracite mines, whereupon the non-union mines south of the River would take an additional slice of the New England and middle country anthracite market, this situation made additionally possible by the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission put out August 12th, as a result of the investigation of low volatile coal and anthracite rates undertaken in compliance with the suggestion made by the United States Coal Commission in 1923, several months spent in making same. The Commission, after ordering sharp reductions in low volatile coal rates from mines not employing Union men and located in West Virginia, said:

"Freight rates effect total restraint of the shipping of coal produced from mines in West Virginia to points in the eleven northeastern states north of Hagerstown, Md., and Washington, D. C. That is the only restraint of distribution of household fuel, effected through freight rates, which has come to our attention in this investigation. Joint rates on low volatile bituminuos coal from mines in West Vir-

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Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to EDITOR, EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE, UNION PACIFIC COAL CO., ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING.

JESSIE McDIARMID, Editor.

ginia points in the middle Atlantic states and the New England states have not been established and there has been no transportation of that coal to those points over all-rail routes except at certain times of emergency during the World War and in times of strikes in the anthracite industry. The mines last mentioned are in the New River district, served by the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Virginian, and in the Poncahontas district and Tug River district, served by the Norfolk & Western."

The past few months have been trying ones for the Union and its officers. While the tonnage of soft coal mined from January 1st to August 8th, inclusive, was 285,493,000 tons 10,878,000 tons over the same period in 1924 and 45,926,000 tons over the same period in 1923, the cold unreasoning fact remains that the business lost in the Union fields is being taken by the non-Union mines, and in the meantime thousands of good citizens, living in Union territory, are being forced out of the Union and their homes, by lack of employment. As we have before pointed out, untenable theories, flamboyant oratory, even strikes, with their attendant suffering and losses, will not change the inexorable rules of logic; on the other hand broad constructive business-like methods must in the end prevail.

As this is written their lies before us the August issue of the "Locomotive Engineers Journal" (we read many labor papers), this number almost wholly devoted to the story of the Brotherhood's mammoth new bank building in Cleveland and its banks in Cleveland, Boston, Tacoma, Minneapolis, Spokane, Hillyard, Washington; Philadelphia, Hammond, Indiana; Birmingham, New York, Portland, and the one about to be opened in Seattle. Many of us have given thought to the controversy that has raged for months between the Mine Workers Union and the Engineers Brotherhood owned mines located in Kentucky and West Virginia, which are non-Union. The Brotherhood has within five years become a business institution. In addition to its cooperative banking it has organized several subsidiary corporations for the conduct of business along established lines. The Coal Mining Company is only one activity, an immense mail order house is another, and a few days ago the Engineers bought 27,000 acres of land on the West Florida Coast for reselling purposes. Each month the Brotherhood collects and pays out for disability and death $250,000, representing a substantial insurance business. Its officers sit on the boards of banks and trust companies where their voice and vote count for real things. Some months ago we went so far as to say that the Engineers left the "reservation" when they undertook to mine coal, but withal they are mining and selling it today, and the conflict has gone the way this summer's straw hat will go in a few days.

Passing to a more familiar situation, let us refer to the big 7000 class passenger engines that pull the Overland trains through Hanna and Rock Springs. One of the 90,000 aristocrats who own the Brotherhood coal mines, the string of labor banks and the Florida land enumerated above, gets $6.48 per day for his work running a 7000 class locomotive. The answer lies in the fact that he works, that he must have saved and that his organization has passed up oratory and strikes for the forceful logic of business methods. There is no danger of the anthracite situation extending to Mountain Territory, but in it we fear there lies a distinct hazard for all organization. Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, Colorado, Utah, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Alberta, Nova Scotia and half of Washington are examples of what has happened, and the position of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois is precarious. There is a wealth of advice painted on the railroad crossing sign, "**Stop, Look and Listen.**"

And That's That

JUDGE Marcus Kavanaugh of Chicago, after attending a prison conference in London, undertook to look into the British method of administering justice to murderers—mark the word, murderers.

Judge Kavanaugh, in a recently cabled interview, relates the case of a young Englishman who murdered his butler. We will assume the Englishman had money, or else he would not require a butler. The slayer was arrested the day after the murder, was placed on trial within a week, the trial lasting two hours, and the murderer was thereafter promptly executed.

Compare this situation with that common to the United States; the Leopold and Loeb case and the Scott case, both occurring in Chicago, where one hundred and twenty murders were committed in the first half of the year, with but two hangings. Again compare it with the Simmons case in Nebraska, where justice, perhaps by accident, prevailed over the sickly sentimentality of flower-bearing tear squads, who have much to say for the criminal and nothing for the wife, parents or children of the victim. The number of murders committed daily belie the hot-house raised theory that the world no longer needs capital punishment. A goodly quantity of rope stretching for, say six months, would stop the gentle art of murdering, which has become a progressive industry.

Mining Coal and the Yellow Cab

JUST a few years ago a man of Jewish descent, raised by parents who knew the sting of poverty, his first business experience that of selling newspapers, came into Kansas City to start a cab line. The writer sat at luncheon two or three times with this quiet, plainly dressed man, a coal operator and a hotel keeper making up the party; the question of the operator and hotel man investing in the cab line the subject of discussion. The cab man was John Hertz, and in a short time the company was formed, rather heavy and expensive cabs put into service. The heavy cab, then looked upon as a necessity, has gone the way of all early models, and in every city of consequence in the United States and Canada, yellow colored cabs, operated on a meter basis at extraordinarily low prices, built always by John Hertz, and frequently operated by companies under his control, have taken their place.

Supplementing the Yellow Cab in the larger cities, including New York and Chicago, John Hertz now controls lines of motor coaches that ply between the residence district and the business centers of the cities; clean, comfortable, expeditious and cheap. How does he do it, and wherein is the Yellow Cab and the Motor Coach related to the work of mining coal? The answer lies in efficient organization, expessed in good equipment, well maintained, and thereafter used. Before the recent collapse of the coal mining industry the average working year was 215 days out of 308, or on the basis of eight hours per day, 1720 days per year. In Chicago the Yellow Cab Company averages 16.2 hours actual service per day, every day in the year, but eliminating holidays and assuming a year of 308 days, their cabs would operate 4990 hours, or 290 per cent of the average mine year. Ninety per cent of the cabs are always ready for service, the peak demand coming at 1:00 A. M. Sunday morning (Saturday night); 70 per cent are double shifted; the cabs average 50,000 miles a year and last on an average three years.

Better still is the performance of the big motor coaches that carry sixty or more people on two decks. At 5:00 P. M. every day 98 per cent of the coaches are in service; they average 13 hours service for 365 days in the year; make 51,000 miles annually; their average life as yet undetermined. Our mines and mine equipment are employed about 23 per cent of the year (excluding holidays), while John Hertz's cabs keep busy 67 per cent and his motor coaches 54 per cent of the time. Naturally it is a far step from coal mining to wiggling a cab or motor coach through the streets of New York or Chicago, but the Hertz performance was developed in ten years, the mining industry is now about seven hundred and fifty years old and efficient mechanicalization is just coming in, while the work year has gone back. We want more of the John Hertz mental attitude in the coal industry; such would mean better earnings, safer employment, happier men and cheaper coal.

The Oil Shale Industry

THE coal men must begin to recognize that there is another "Richard" in the field that will ere long become a full fledged mining industry. We refer to the new oil shale industry, that will require millions of tons of our western oil shales for reduction purposes. Mr. M. J. Gavin of the United States Bureau of Mines, who has just returned from an inspection of oil shale activities in Scotland and France, reports that the Scottish shale industry produced 3,000,000 barrels of crude oil at nine plants last year, forty thousand persons dependent on the mining, retorting and refining of shale in Scotland, the shale averaging 24 U. S. gallons of crude oil and 36 pounds of ammonium sulphate per ton.

Oil shale activities in France are just getting under way, the next big development will be in Wyoming and Colorado.

Wyoming's Pisa

By J. R. Dewar

THE "leaning tower" shown on the Cover Page is located directly above the shore of the Green River near the Southwest part of what is known as "Fire Hole Basin," 25 miles South of Green River, Sweetwater County, Wyoming. The ground upon which it stands is approximately 600 feet above the river, while the tower itself rises 100 feet higher. It is about 10 x 12 feet in diameter and vari-colored, resembling in coloring the well-known Castle Rock in the Western part of the town of Green River. The rock reclines toward the river and were it to crumble the huge monument would drop into the water below. The water at one time evidently stood above the crown of the tower and everything in the vicinity has been eroded with the exception of this lofty structure of nature's handiwork.

Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness

FRED HARVEY who manages the dining cars and the eating houses on the Santa Fe and the Frisco recently refused service to a coatless patron who attempted to take a seat at a Harvey eating house table. The patron was ejected, thereafter appealing to the Courts for redress and damages, the Supreme Court of Oklahoma sustaining Harvey's position.

Apparently the day has passed when a soverign citizen can eat in his shirt sleeves, sit shoeless in his wife's parlor and otherwise act like a cave man. One by one our liberties pass. Who knows but that next year we will all be wearing knickers and striped golf socks with the several thousand Elks, Shriners, Rotarians and others who take western vacations.

Eugene Field

The Children's Poet

By Jessie McDiarmid

"HUMOR is a saving grace" certainly, and it may seem a pity that I ask you to consider so spontaneous a humorist as was Eugene Field as something else first and a humorist afterward.

Perhaps a fine understanding of child life and the gift of humor go to-gether. Recalling the world's humorists, I am inclined to think they do. In any case it is as the children's poet that Eugene Field will live longest in literature and in the public heart. What he accomplished as a journalist, a poet, a romancer and a humorist is as naught compared to his fame as the noblest bard of childhood.

He seems to have been the one poet in all modern American literature to have really discovered childhood. No man or woman, having known a child themselves, can read the lullabies and child songs of Eugene Field and fail to realize that he kindles afresh the spark of child life and gives it an eternal glow of gentleness, of tenderness and love. He was a Homer to the children. He revelled in their pleasures, his tender strains in praise of childhood were but outbursts of his own boyish heart. He himself was a boy and his friends were his boy and girl friends and playmates. Someone quotes him as having said: "I like boy life. I like the bouyancy of youth and its freshness, the pleasures of life that come to a boy in the country. It is a God's pity every young child cannot get a taste of country life at some time."

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis on September 3rd, 1850. He spent one student year at Williams College, one at Knox College, and a third year at the University of Missouri. A friend who recalls his Sophomore year at Knox describes him as carcless of dress and fond of pranks, long hair, poetry, old books and a corn cob pipe. After six months in Europe Field served successively as reporter, editor and managing editor on several papers in St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City and Denver. Talent education, friends, books and the untrammeled training of newspaper life combined to make Eugene Field a successful man of letters. But again, it is as the children's poet that we wish to consider him. He lived in the closest and fondest intimacy with the children, and was thus enabled to voice childish sentiment and feeling. It is true—and in accordance with his own confession—he did not love all children, but in his home life he called about him children of all ages and all conditions. He loved to have it so, and with them and among them he easily made himself a child again and joined them in their games. He loved the things that children love. He once wrote: "I believe in ghosts, in witches, and in fairies." Entering a strange household, it seemed only natural for him to move about and seek the children, and the youngsters went to him easily and joyously.

CHRISTMAS TREASURES

I count my treasures o'er with care—
The little toy my darling knew,
A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holy time,
My little one—my all to me—
Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden-head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night,
What shall he bring my baby bright—
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named this little toy,
While in his round and mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise,
That spake his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer
He asked the boon with childish grace;
Then, toddling to the chimney-place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night, while lengthening shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With singing to our lowly home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his little prayer,
For in the morn, with rapturous face,
He toddled to the chimney-place,
And found this little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas-tide—
That angel host, so fair and white!
And singing all that glorious night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,
A little lock of golden hair,
The Christmas music on the air,
A watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train
And golden-head come back for me,
To bear me to Eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

He loved the poor outcast waifs of the street with the same tenderness bestowed upon the children of his friends and neighbors, and it is said of him that on his wedding day he kept his bride waiting at the church, while he, on his knees in the mud of the streets, settled a dispute among a quartette of ragamuffins over a game of marbles. He was the real lover of childhood, the man who loved ragamuffins as much or more than the prince's child. Recently I heard a supposed child lover depreciate a group of little-advantaged children. Just now reading about Eugene Field and recalling his remarks, I could almost pity her for the things she herself misses. After all it is always so, appreciation, sympathy, brings us to a rich reward because they open our eyes to beauty. Lack of appreciation betokens a heart lack and brings out the lack in that we do not see the beauty really there.

In Field's work as a poet of childhood there is always manifest that rare and subtle power to touch the heart and to moisten the eye. And there lies the secret of his power as a poet of childhood. His verses have a sympathy, a warmth, and a genuineness that cannot fail to open up the secret springs of memory and make us live again the joyous days of our happy youth. Only a master hand, influenced by a great soul, could have written "Little Boy Blue" and "Wynken, Blynken and Nod."

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

It is interesting, most interesting, to us to know that Eugene Field was a westerner. Someone tells that he had repeated offers from Eastern newspapers and steadily refused them saying that he was in his element in the West and meant to stay there. There was no element in the East, only an atmosphere, he said. His sympathies were with the Western ways of life and his likings were for them. He was fearful of himself in the East. So whatever the attractions and inducements offered he invariably refused to give up his Western freedom.

BROKEN FIDDLE

There, there, poor dog, my faithful friend,
Pay you no heed unto my sorrow:
But feast to-day while yet you may—
Who knows but we shall starve to-morrow!

"Give us a tune," the foemen cried,
In one of their profane caprices;
I bade them "No"—they frowned, and, lo!
They dashed this innocent in pieces!

This fiddle was the village pride—
The mirth of every fete enhancing;
Its wizard art set every heart
As well as every foot to dancing.

How well the bridegroom knew its voice,
As from its strings its song went gushing!
Nor long delayed the promised maid
Equipped for bridal, coy and blushing.

Why, it discoursed so merrily,
It quickly banished all dejection;
And yet, when pressed, our priest confessed
I played with pious circumspection.

And though, in patriotic song,
It was our guide, compatriot, teacher,
I never thought the foe had wrought
His fury on the helpless creature!

But there, poor dog, my faithful friend,
Pay you no heed unto my sorrow;
I prithee take this paltry cake—
Who knows but we shall starve to-morrow!

Ah, who shall lead the Sunday choir
As this old fiddle used to do it?
Can vintage come, with this voice dumb
That used to bid a welcome to it?

It soothed the weary hours of toil,
It brought forgetfulness to debtors;
Time and again from wretched men
It struck oppression's galling fetters.

No man could hear its voice, and hate;
It stayed the teardrop at its portal;
With that dear thing I was a king
As never yet was monarch mortal!

Now has the foe—the vandal foe—
Struck from my hands their pride and glory;
There let it lie! In vengeance, I
Shall wield another weapon, gory!

And if, O countrymen, I fall,
Beside our grave let this be spoken:
"No foe of France shall ever dance
Above the heart and fiddle, broken!"

So come, poor dog, my faithful friend,
I prithee do not heed my sorrow,
But feast to-day while yet you may,
For we are like to starve to-morrow.

While Field's clever newspaper work made him celebrated throughout the journalistic world, he was not known to the general reading public until the appearance of his two books, "A Little Book of Western Verse" and "A Little Book of Profitable Tables." From his book of western verse I quote:

OUR LADY OF THE MINE

The Blue Horizon was a mine us fellers all thought well uv,
And ther befell the episode I now perpose to tell uv;
'Twas in the year uv sixty-nine—somewhere along in summer—
There hove in sight one afternoou a new and curious comer;
His name wuz Silas Pettibone—a artist by perfession—
With a kit of tools and a big mustache and a pipe in his possession.
He told us, by our leave, he'd kind uv like to make some sketches
Uv the snowy peaks, 'nd the foamin' crick, 'nd the distant mountain stretches;
"You're welkim, sir," sez we, although this scenery dodge seemed to us
A waste uv time where scenery wuz already sooperfloo-us.

All through the summer Pettibone kep' busy at his sketchin'—
At daybreak off for Eagle Pass, and home at nightfall, fetchin'
Three-Fingered Hoover used to say there warn't no meanin' to it.
"Gol durn a man," sez he to him, "whose shif'less hand is sot at
A-drawin' hills that's full uv quartz that's pinin' to be got at."
"Go on," sez Pettibone, "go on, if joshin' gratifies ye;
But one uv these fine times I'll show ye sumthin' will surprise ye."
The which remark led us to think—although he didn't say it—
That Pettibone wuz owin' us a gredge 'nd meant to pay it.

One evenin' as we sat around the Restauraw de Casey,
A-singin' songs 'nd tellin' yarns the which wuz sumwhat racy,
In come that feller Pettibone, 'nd sez, "With your permission,
I'd like to put a picture I have made on exhibition."
He sot the picture on the bar 'nd drew aside its curtain,
Sayin', "I reckon you'll allow as how that's art f'r certain!"

And then we looked, with jaws agape, but nery word wuz spoken,
And f'r a likely spell the charm uv silence wuz unbroken—
Till presently, as in a dream, remarked Three-Fingered Hoover:
"Onless I am mistaken, this is Pettibone's shef doover!"

It wuz a face—a human face—a woman's, fair 'nd tender—
Sot gracefully upon a neck white as a swan's, and slender;
The hair kind uv sunny, 'nd the eyes wuz sort uv dreamy,
The mouth wuz half a-smilin', 'nd the cheeks wuz soft 'nd creamy;
It seemed like she wuz lookin' off into the west out yonder,
And seemed like, while she looked, we saw her eyes grow softer, fonder—
Like, lookin' off into the west, where mountain mists wuz fallin',
She saw the face she longed to see and heard his voice a-callin';
"Hooray!" we cried—"A woman in the camp uv Blue Horizon!
Step right up, Colonel Pettibone, 'nd nominate your pizen!"

A curious situation—one deservin' uv your pity—
No human, livin', female thing this side of Denver City!
But just a lot uv husky men that lived on sand 'nd bitters—
Do you wonder that that woman's face consoled the lonesome critters?
And not a one but what it served in some way to remind him
Of a mother or a sister or a sweetheart left behind him;
And some looked back on happier days, and saw the old-time faces
And heard the dear familiar sounds in old familiar places—
A gracious touch of home. "Look here," sez Hoover, "Ever'body
Quit thinkin' 'nd perceed at once to name his favorite toddy!"

It wuzn't long afore the news had spread the country over,
And miners come a-flockin' in like honey-bees to clover;
It kind uv did 'em good, they said, to feast their hungry eyes on
That picture uv Our Lady in the camp uv Blue Horizon.

But one mean cuss from Nigger Creek passed criticism on 'er—
Leastwise we overheard him call her Pettibone's madonner,
The which we did not take to be respectful to a lady,
So we hung him in a quiet spot that wuz cool 'nd dry 'nd shady;
Which same might not have been good law, but it wuz the right maneuver
To give the critics due respect for Pettibone's shef doover.

Gone is the camp—yes, years ago the Blue Horizon busted,
And every mother's son uv us got up one day 'nd dusted,
While Pettibone preceeded East with wealth in his possession,
And went to Yurrup, as I heard, to study his perfession;
So, like as not, you'll find him now a-paintin' heads 'nd faces
At Venus, Billy Florence, and the like I-talynn places.
But no such face he'll paint again as at old Blue Horizon,
For I'll allow no sweeter face no human soul sot eyes on;
And when the critics talk so grand uv Paris 'nd the Loover,
I say, "Oh, but you orter seen the Pettibone shef Doover'."

Ill health sent Field to Europe for a second visit, where he was loved by literary London. He visited, at this time, the grave of John Wesley, and he tells this anecdote of his experiences there:

> "As you leave the spot you are swooped down upon by a hawk-nosed female who inveigles you into a sort of Lodge and worries you until you pay her two shillings for a series of twenty-four pictures. purporting to illustrate the life of Wesley.

"'You'll come down to-morrow and attend service, won't you?' asked this old griffin. 'Inasmuch as I live about five miles due west of here,' said I, 'it is likely that if I attend service at all I shall attend service where a cab fare of two and six is not involved.'

"'But aren't you a Nonconformist divine?'' she asked.

"'Madame,' said I seriously, 'I have been mistaken at different times for Sol Smith Russell, Nat Goodwin, Harry Dixey, and Bill Nye, but never yet have I been told that I looked like a preacher. No, my good sister, I am not a clergyman—I am by predistination, preordination, predilection and profession, an ungodly newspaper man.'

"'For me!' she exclaimed, and a shade of disappointment crept into her voice; 'Thinking you was a divine I knocked off sixpence on them pictures!'"

In this same connection we might recall the description of Doctor Henry Tyler, who was a Professor at Knox College when Eugene Field was a sophomore, Dr. Tyler said:

"He made life a burden for me, but never in a way that could be reproved. It was simply impossible to inspire him with an idea of subservient respectfulness to others. Gaily carolling up the College walk ten minutes late for his recitation, he would see me in my chair near the window and cry, Oh, good-morning, doctor! I'm a little late. Shall I jump in through the window?' and without permission he usually made his entrance that way, while the other pupils trembled in expectation of the reprimand which I had not the heart to give."

During the last two years of his life Field became popular on the lecture platform as a reader of his own works. The night of his death, November 4, 1895, he had an engagement to read in Kansas City. He passed away at his home in Buena Park, a suburb of Chicago, in the quiet of the night after a slight illness of only a few hours duration.

OUR TWO OPINIONS

Us two wuz boys when we fell out—
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
Don't rec'lect what 't wuz about,
Some small deeff'rence, I'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
Courted sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, too;
'Tended same meetin'-house onct a week,
A-hatin' each other through 'nd through!
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
F'r soldiers, we answered—me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

But down in Tennessee one night
There wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
With the Jonnie Rebs some time nex' day;
'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him;
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim!
He went his way 'nd I went mine,
'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
I havin' my opinyin uv Jim,
'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me.

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I haint forgot that last, last night
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight.
'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know
That here I be 'nd yonder 's Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin of him.

Eugene Field is buried in Graceland Cemetery, near Chicago, a beautiful myrtle covered grave in a beautiful cemetery, where go many Pilgrims who seek to pay homage to "The Children's Poet."

On Reading

MANY wise people in their scheme of life have in mind the fact that as they grow older the external world of activity has less and less for them. It is a different human being who sits at the west window in the evening from the human being who ran out of the east door in the morning. Appetites have lost their zest, senses are dulled, interests have disappeared or changed, and ambitions have faded, crumbled, or possibly been sated.

What such people hope for themselves for the west window is a recompense in the mind for every failure of the body, an internal enjoyment derived from the reservoir of experience and wise habit which will even more than compensate for the external losses.

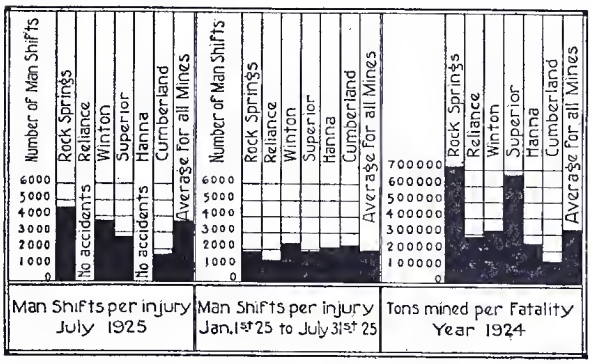
The attitude of folded hands at the west window is a misfortune. It contains only regrets that life should have turned from facing east to facing west, with the body weakened, vitiated, or exhausted, out of the foot race or off the rungs of the ladder.

Such a person has gone west with an empty sack, imprudent and improvident. Life has not formed any habits which are a reserve. There is no reservoir for the satisfaction of happiness. A habit of reading gives such a reservoir. It is a habit which compensates for bodily infirmities, for the lost physical zest, for the activities which require externals. With reading a contented person has the freedom of the seven seas and all the continents. He has the philosophy and history of all ages. He can follow the scientist in the laboratory, a caravan into the Gobi Desert, or the climbers into the Himalayas.

All the word is on his canvas and no four walls can confine him. Reading is a friend which will walk with a person from childhood to old age, but it is a friend which seldom can be made in later years. It comes through life with you or not at all. It is a friend whose gifts are richer with age.—Selected.

Make It + Safe

The July Accident Graph



NOW that the first period of 1925 has passed and the Safety Pennant is safely nailed to the Cumberland mast for the next six months, we are entering upon a new period.

Our graph for July shows a remarkable decrease in accidents over June. With practically the same working time the accidents dropped from 21 in June to 9 in July, and the man shifts per accident increased from 1,540 to 3,720. There is no reason why this fine showing cannot be carried on throughout the year. Reliance and Hanna report no accidents wherein the injured lost more than six days, and Winton reports but one. With every shoulder at the safety wheel this record, which compares favorably with the best in the United States, can be kept up.

More gratifying than even the low number of accideuts was the nature of the injuries. Not one of the nine reported was of a serious nature or of sufficient severity that the injured one could not return to his work in two or three weeks.

Safety, to a great extent, is a state of mind. The workman who things safely, acts and works safely. Surrounded by every safety device that can be bought, they are all useless unless the workman himself works and acts safely. **Remember that the greatest known safety device yet produced is a careful man.**

Conversely, it is true that unless protected by safety precautions, the most careful man is in danger and liable to injury, regardless of how careful he himself may be.

The greatest results, therefore, must come from a co-ordination and co-operation of the two. The Company cau and will furnish the one, but you yourself must furuish the other. If you see a place that isn't safe, report it to your foreman; if you see a place where you think some special safety precaution should be taken or some special safety device should be installed, report it to your Safety Committee on their next quarterly inspection and every reasonable effort will be put forth to remedy the condition.

We want your suggestions and we want your co-operatiou.

Mine Safety in Great Britain

FROM a recent issue of "Coal Age" we gather the following comment on British mine accidents:

> "Great Britain reports that the fatality rate per thousaud in its coal mines is lowered to 0.98. Last year is was 1.06. In the same year the fatality rate in the United States was 2.87 per thousand employees, or nearly three times as high as in Great Britain, and that in a year of relative depression. It must be remembered, however, that Great Britain also suffered from a depression and that the number of working hours in a day is only seven.
>
> Perhaps it would be best to make a comparison per thousand 2,000-hr. workers. The British rate in 1924 we figure as 1.20, whereas our rate during 1923 was 3.63 or about three times as great. Many believe the British miner is exposed to more uatural hazards than the American. That is always difficult of proof, but the figures giveu are disquieting to say the least, and only by an investigation of the rate per million tons produced can any relieving consideration be found."

The fatality rate expressed in accidental deaths per million tons of coal mined runs 4.15 in the United States against 4.36 in Great Britain. Comparisons based on tonnage alone are uot sound, the British mines are deeper and gassier and the seams worked are much thinner than ours.

The 1925 Annual First Aid and Mine Rescue Meet

"I HAVE watched a good many field meets and have attended one international affair but this is the best work and most successful meet I have ever seen." This remark by an old timer, one of the first and most active first aid men on the Union Pacific System, in a few words describes the annual meet which was held in Rock Springs, August 8th.

Even the elemeuts seemed to be boosting for first aid. The day dawned bright and still and throughout the day the usual wind, for which Rock Springs is famous, semed to have sought other fields. It was ideal for the meet.

At 9 o'clock, ten teams, eight of which were combiuation and two covering first aid work, were at the First Aid Park ready for the contest. Every mining district was represented by at least one. Cum-

The Winning First Aid Team of Ten Years Ago that Went to San Francisco.
Standing—F. S. Davis, Supt., Chas. Albertino, Frank Pelican.
Seated—E. Tinkler, G. A. Brown, Frank Swanson, Steve Traher.

This Team was from Superior.

The winning team in the First Aid Field Meet in 1917. Reading from left to right. Standing: D. G. Thomas, Tony Radiley, Ed Dunn, John Lewis and Thos. Gibson. Front row: Harry Miles, Joe Lewis, Matt Marshall, Capt.

berland had two combination teams eutered and Rock Springs was represented by three.

After drawiug for place each team was given an oral examination on the practical parts of the breathing apparatus and the team theu eutered the chamber to work a practical problem in minc exploration following an explosion. The work of each group in developing the problem was exceptionally good and showed the result of much traiuiug and practice.

After each unit had performed the problem a brief recess was taken for lunch aud the afternoon was taken up by first aid work. Three problems were given, and it is safe to say that every portion and feature of first aid was covered and a thorongh knowledge was uecessary to perform them. Ten teams were entered for this work aud much interest was manifested therein by the gallery of spectators following.

After score cards were tallied it was fouud that the team representing Cumberland No. 2, cousisting of Lyman Fearn, captain, T. H. Robiuson, Jr., Frank Buchanan, Charley French, D. B. Ballantyne and Charles Clark, patient, was the winner with a total score of 187.8 out of a possible 200, closely followed by Rock Springs No. 8, with Rock Springs No. 2 third.

Together with the privilege of representing The Union Pacific Coal Company at the International First Aid aud Mine Rescue Meet at Springfield, Illinois, early in September, there goes to the winner all praise and honor for the uuiversal excellency of the work throughout the contest. They labored hard, practiced long and faithfully and are eutirely capable of maintaining the high standard of attaiument that has been set for them, and by them, at former International Meets.

It is also well worthy of mention that this is the first time that the same team has represented The Union Pacific Coal Compauy at two successive International Meets, Cumberland No. 2 haviug won the privilege after a similar competitive meet in 1923.

Much praise is due every team entered for the high class work done in this contest. The problems were unusually hard, and so presented that if a team did not have a thorough basic knowledge of first aid and mine rescue it would have been impossible to obtain the high percentages that they secured.

The compauy wishes to express to the United States Bureau of Mines siucere thauks for its aid and cooperation duriug this meet. For the past six weeks, Bureau of Mines Engineers have been in the field training teams and their assistance has been invalnable.

During the contest, E. H. Denny, K. L. Marshall, V. O. Murray and W. C. Halbert, all of the Bureau, acted as judges in both first aid and mine recue, being assisted in the former by local physicians.

Successful as the present meet has beeu, we must already start buildiug our fences for 1926. The mistakes and shortcomings of 1925 have been learned, and will be eliminated by patieuce and diligent practice. Judging by the present enthusiasm, it is safe to predict that our next year's meet will set a standard far higher and better thau anything achieved in the past.

Cumberland Wins the First Pennant for the Best Safety Performance

By Geo. A. Brown, Superintendent

CUMBERLAND feels proud of being the first camp to win the Safety Pennant. The officials in charge of the mines and the workmen are to be congratulated on making this possible, as it could not have been accomplished without the combiued efforts of the two.

Owing to the hazards pertaining to mining and the different conditions to be met with from day to day in mining coal, there will always be some accidents no matter how careful we are; but at the same time there are quite a number of accideuts that can be avoided through a little more foresight on the part of the operator and workman and the earnest co-operation of both in tryiug to prevent them.

Every mining district thinks they have the worst conditions to contend with in matters of safety. We all have our troubles and conditions in the different districts have to be met by the men on the ground who are familiar with that district. Miniug coal is practically the same all over the world, with the exception of the methods offered in producing same, which are varied due to natural couditions. Whatever methods are applied the same efforts are uecessary on the part of the officials and men for the safety of life and property.

We hope to be in a position to repeat this record this coming six mouths, but at the same time we wish success in this line to the rest of the camps.

Cumberland No. 2 Mine Safety Officials. Lyman Fearn, Geo. Benson, Chas. Clark, Matt Morrow.

Mine Safety

THE coal mining industry is now passing through a transition period. The old order of things is gradually giving way to newer and more modern methods. Mines are being electrified. Loading machines are being introduced. State laws are more exacting in their requirements. Permissable powder and electric lamps have replaced, to a large extent, black powder and carbide lamps. Greater value is placed on human life, which has resulted in a nation-wide campaign to "Make it Safe."

The United States Bureau of Mines is the leader in the safety movement. Trained engineers employed on First Aid and Mine Rescue Cars and at the experimental station near Pittsburgh, Pa., devote their entire time to study and experiment in an attempt to make coal mines safer. As a result of these investigations certain basic principles regarding safety have been established. The origin and propagation of explosions has been studied and means devised to prevent or lessen the effects of those explosions. The effects of insufficient or contaminated air upon men have been determined, resulting in an effort being made to provide more and purer air at the working places. Blasting materials and methods of shooting have received their share of attention, resulting in the manufacture of permissable explosives. Experiments have been made upon electric and flame safety lamps in order to determine the requirements such lamps must meet in order to be considered safe under various mining conditions. These are only a few points that have been considered in order to make mines safer. Yet they will serve to give some idea of the importance and seriousness of this movement.

The Union Pacific Coal Company has instituted a very intensive safety program in order to make their mines as safe as is humanly possible. In order to accomplish this end a Safety Department has been instituted. The duties of this department are to keep up to date on advances in safety methods and appliances and to adopt such methods as are suitable to the mines of this company. Some of the most apparent results have been the rock dusting of mines and the installation of rock dust barriers; the introduction of permissable powder, shooting after men are out of the mines, the use of electric cap lights in all mines, adoption of standards for installing electrical equipment to meet recognized safety requirements and the employment of safety bosses or face patrolmen in most mines. The duties of these men include the inspection of working places to see that safety rules are being complied with, that men are not working under unsafe conditions and supervision of ventilation in order to get more and purer air on the faces.

It will be noted that the measures thus far established are practically all mechanical. There is another element to contend with in safety matters; that is the human element. No safety devise that can be built, or safety rule that can be written will make a careless or indifferent workman realize his responsibility as a part of this safety work. Coal mining will always be a hazardous occupation. Men working in mines for any length of time become so accustomed to the daugers constantly surrounding them that they soon begin to disregard them. This, together with the "take a chance" spirit prevailing to a greater or less degree among people, is responsible for the majority of mine accideuts. One careless or thoughtless act on the part of a man working in or around the mines can easily result in a disaster that all known safety appliances cannot prevent. Some men have the feeling that safety rules are an interference with their personal liberty; they disregard the fact that these rules apply to all men in the mine, and not to an individual. If this attitude could be overcome the greatest step toward working mines safely would be accomplished.

(Coutinued on page 22)

Newly Formed Lake in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming

(*As seen by a vacationing employee*)

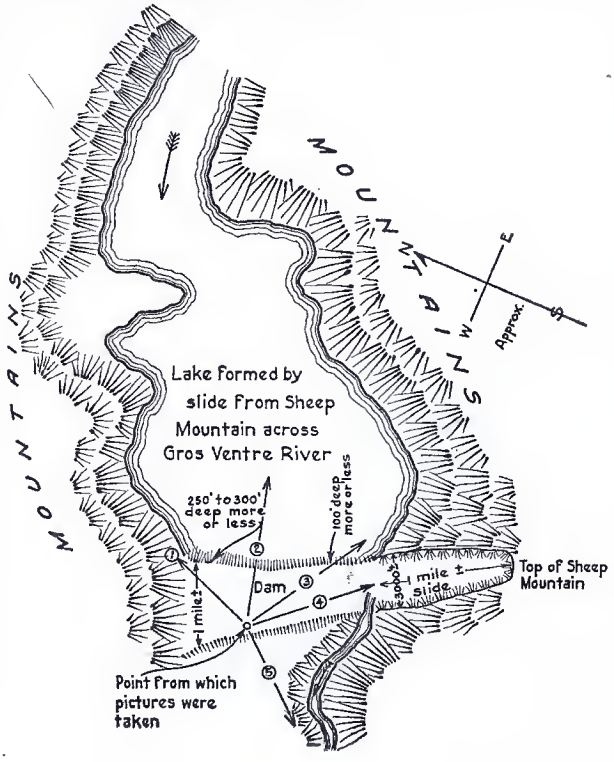
ABOUT 3:00 P. M., June 26, 1925, Sheep Mountain, heretofore known by "Dudes" and natives for its big game, further distinguished itself by permitting a portion of its north side to slide down and across the Gros Ventre River, thus making a permanent dam of boulders, soil and pines, behind which a lake several miles long has been created. Opinions as to the cause of the disaster differ, some thinking the receut earth disturbances occurring in the Rocky Mountain region effected it, while others believe seepage due to the heavy rains of this year brought it about.

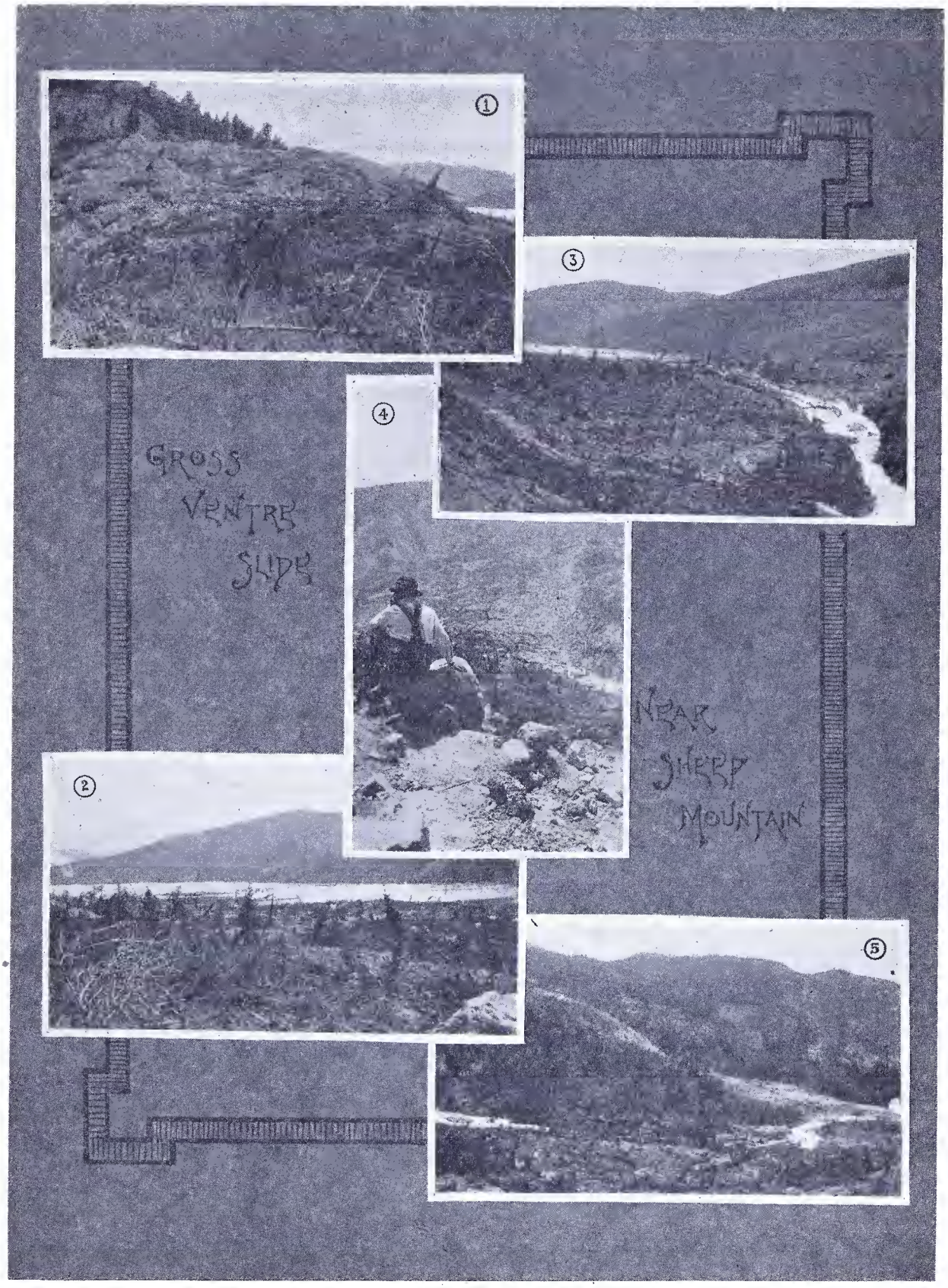
One rancher missed beiug caught by the moving mass by a few seconds, aud two meu, herding cows, by a few minutes. Several fine ranches are now covered by the lake and will ever remain so, even though one family refuses to believe the water will not break through and their ranch be drained. They have camped themselves within view of the dam waiting for the washout, which state engineers estimate will never occur, while nearby an enterprising individual is operating a luuch and lemonade stand for the benefit of sightseers.

It was sixteen days before the water in the lake reached a sufficient height to flow over the dam. During that time the Gros Ventre river (below the dam), which had been one of the best fishing streams in Wyoming, was dry. Those who thought they would find trout caught high and dry were disappointed as all had gone down with the low water to the Snake river.

Kelly, located six miles from the new lake, has now been "put on the map," and its residents never miss an opportunity to remind the people of Jackson and Moran of the fact, the competition for tourists to and from the Yellowstoue National Park being keen amougst these settlemeuts.

Our official photographer has submitted the five photographs shown in a group on another page, the numbers corresponding to those set forth on the descriptive map presented herewith.




1
3
4
GROSS VENTRE SLIDE
2
NEAR SHEEP MOUNTAIN
5

Engineers' Department

Lights Controlled by Daylight

By D. C. McKeehan

There is at a remote part of the earth a rocky, uninhabited island upon which stands a lighthouse. During the hours of daylight when the sky is clear the island speaks its own warning to passing ships, but, as clouds gather or darkness approaches, the light automatically appears in the lighthouse and gives out a guiding ray to the mariner. When daylight returns the light is extinguished.

The device which controls the automatic lighting and extinguishing of the lamp is called a sunvalve—a most ingenious device indeed. The sunvalve is actuated by light and is not influenced by temperature changes. Its construction is based on the well known physical law that absorbed light is transferred into heat, and consists of a system of rods protected by a glass cylinder.

A central rod is coated with lampblack, which gives it the property of absorbing light, while the three rods surrounding it are polished, and thus reflect the light. A body is red because it reflects red days, the other rays being absorbed. A white body reflects all light rays, and conversely a black body absorbs all the light rays.

All four rods expand at the same rate under the influence of heat, but only the central rod expands under the influence of light. This may be a little difficult to understand at first. However, light waves falling upon a body with a dark surface are absorbed, and, in the act of absorption, are converted into heat, which in turn causes only the black rod to expand in this case, and its expansion provides the mechanical movement necessary to operate a switch or valve.

Persons traveling the Lincoln Highway at night through southern Wyoming will notice flicker lights at intervals of several miles. These as most of us know, are beacons to guide the aviators who carry the transcontinental mail from one landing field to another.

The lamps burn acetylene gas, and are provided with a pilot flame that is never extinguished. The sunvalve turns on the gas when darkness approaches. The gas is ignited by the pilot light and a very brilliant light results, which in turn causes the sunvalve to shut off the main flow of gas, and darkness results. After a certain dark period the main flame is relighted.

The lights are as unique as the principal is weird.

Mine Arithmetic

(This is the fifth article on this subject. Subsequent lessons will appear in later issues.)

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

A measure is a standard unit by means of which quantities of any kind are measured. There are two systems in general use; the English system an the Metric system. The English system is used mostly in the United States and English speaking countries, while the Metric system is used in Europe. In chemistry, and in some of the other sciences, the Metric system, however, is used universally. The Metric system is a decimal system, the units increasing or decreasing by ten. Only a few of the common standards of measure, those that are ordinarily used and which belong to the English system, will be given at this time.

LINEAR MEASURE

12 inches (in.) (") ...=1 foot (').
3 feet .....=1 yard.
5½ yards } .....=1 rod.
16½ feet }
320 rods } .....=1 mile (statute).
5280 feet }
6080 feet .....=1 nautical mile.

CUBIC MEASURE (Volume)

1728 cubic inches ....=1 cubic foot.
27 cubic feet .....=1 cubic yard.
128 cubic feet .....=1 cord.

SQUARE MEASURE

144 square inches ....=1 square foot.
9 square feet .....=1 square yard.
30¼ square yards ...=1 square rod.
160 square rods .....=1 acre.
640 acres .....=1 square mile.

LIQUID MEASURE

4 gills .....=1 pint.
2 pints .....=1 quart.
4 quarts .....=1 gallon.
31½ gallons .....=1 barrel.
2 barrels .....=1 hogshead.

MEASURES OF WEIGHT

There are three measures of weight, the Troy, Apothecaries and Avoirdupois. The Troy system is used in weighing jewels and precious metals such as gold, silver, etc. The Apothecaries system is used by physicians and druggists, while the Avoirdupois is used in weighing heavy and coarse substances such as coal, grains, etc.

AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHTS

27.3438 grains .....=1 dram.
16 drams .....=1 ounce.
16 ounces .....=1 pound.
100 pounds .....=1 hundredweight.
20 hundredweight } =1 ton (called the short
2000 pounds } ton.)

In some places, such as the United States Custom House and in weighing anthracite, the long ton is used. The long ton contains 2,240 pounds or 20 hundredweights at 112 pounds each.

TABLES OF MISCELLANEOUS MEASURES

2 things .....=1 couple or 1 pair.
12 things .....=1 dozen.
12 dozen .....=1 gross.
12 gross .....=1 great gross.
24 sheets .....=1 quire.
20 quires .....=1 ream.
2 reams .....=1 bundle.
5 bundles .....=1 bale.

Under cubic measures, we may include board measure. In measuring sawed lumber, the board foot is the unit of measure, which is equal to the contents of a board 1 foot square and 1 inch thick or 1/12 of a cubic foot. In practice, thicknesses less than 1 inch are usually reckoned as 1 inch. Therefore, to find the number of board feet, multiply the length in **feet** by the width and thickness in **inches** and divide by 12. Example:—How many feet (board measure) of 2 inch planking are necessary for a barn floor 20 feet long and 16 feet wide?

Using the above rule: $\frac{20\times(16\times12)\times2}{12}$ 640 feet board measure.

In arithmetical calculations, it must be remembered that like units must be used, which is best illustrated by example.

Example 1:—From a piece of timber 16 feet long, 2 pieces are cut, one 4'8" long and the other 6'10" long. How many feet are left in the original timber?

4' 8"
6'10"

10'18"=11'6" the length of the 2 pieces cut off.
Therefore 16'—11'6"=4'6" or 16'=15'12" left.
11' 6" left.
left.
4' 6" left.

Example 2:—How many square yards of concrete necessary for a floor 9'4" long and 12'3" wide?

$9'4" = 9\frac{4'}{12} = 9\frac{1'}{3}$

$12'3" = 12\frac{3'}{12} = 12\frac{1}{4}$

Therefore $9\frac{3}{3} \times 12\frac{1}{4} = \frac{28}{3} \times \frac{49}{4} = \frac{343}{3}$ square feet or

$\frac{343}{3\times9} = \frac{343}{27} = 12\frac{19}{27}$ sq. yds. or

9'4"=(9x12)+4=112"
12'3"=(12x12)+3=147"

Therefore 112"x147"=16464 sq. inches. Since there are 144 sq. inches to a square foot and 9 square feet to a square yard, therefore $\frac{16464}{144\times9} = 12\frac{19}{27}$ sq. yards.

Example 3:—An acre of land is to be divided in 12 equal lots. How many square feet to a lot?

From table of square measures, one acre is equal to 160x30—x9=43,560 square feet, therefore $\frac{43560}{12}=3630$ square feet to each lot.

Welding

By A. T. Henkell

METALS of a thickness not greater than ⅛ inch are usually placed in position for welding without any preparation as it is not hard to melt through this thickness and without the addition of any filler rod, a good weld can be made. In welding thin plates the edges are sometimes flanged for butt welding and the small amount flanged provides the necessary amount for filling purposes. If the plates are to be welded together at angles of approximately 90 degrees, such as in making thin steel cupboards, conduit pull boxes, etc., one edge allowed to project past the other a small amount allows enough metal for filling. Allowance for this method of filling must be made in cutting the sheets, otherwise the inside dimensions of the box would be short the amount used for filling.

In preparing metals more than ⅛ inch thick for welding, the edges to be welded are beveled so that the Vee formed constitutes approximately a 90 degree angle. On parts of very great thickness, however, the Vee is made at a smaller angle on account of the great amount of filled rod and labor used in filling a large Vee. In some cases the work is Vee-d on both sides to present a smaller Vee for filling and the weld is made stronger as it can be built up on both sides.

Expansion and Contraction of the metals is really the worst thing a welder has to deal with. Allowance must be made for the contraction of all metals after they have been heated. In the welding together of flat parts, such as steel sheets, this is not usually a hard problem. The plates are first champered and then placed in such a position that at the corner at which the weld begins the two parts are in contact; from this point throughout the length of the weld ¼ inch spread per foot is allowed, thus two sheets 48 inches width to be welded would be in contact at the point at which the weld begins and 1 inch apart at the point at which the weld would finish. As the weld progresses, the cooling metal is constantly closing up this opening so that when the operator has arrived at the end of the weld these corners are also in contact.

In welding parts of irregular shapes, preheating is usually resorted to and is in most shops done in the following manner: The parts to be welded are first champered and are then clamped in position on the welding room floor. A preheating oven is constructed by loosely building up first brick to the height of the top of the part to be welded. This oven, for best results is filled with charcoal which is easily lighted by the welder's torch and burns slowly enough for the casting to be evenly heated throughout. The cover for the oven is made by placing sheets of asbestos over the work and when the casting is ready for welding the operator simply makes a hole through the asbestos sheet at the starting point of the weld, enlarging this hole as the weld progresses. When the work is finished, the oven is covered with asbestos sheets aud the casting allowed to cool slowly.

Cast iron presents a large part of the welding jobs and in this work it is almost always necessary to preheat. Care must be used in cleaning the parts to be welded as in some castings a great deal of the sand used iu forming the original casting is present and if allowed to remain causes a large number of blow-holes which decreases the strength. When welding in cast iron this impurity is always noticeable as a whitish mass floating over the molten metal and is removed by puddling and by the use of the welding rod. A flux is used in welding cast iron which also tends to rid the weld of impurities. Small cast iron parts which are not very thick and are of intricate design are hard to preheat and these are now being brazed as in this manner they do not have to be heated more than a cherry red, doing away with most of the trouble due to expansion and contraction. More care must be used in cleaning than for welding and all of the sand and dirt must be removed. A tobin bronze rod is used.

Malleable cast iron cannot be welded satisfactorily and is joined by brazing. Parts joined in this manner give good service as the bronze penetrates the iron to a certain extent. A tobin bronze rod is used with the usual brass flux.

Welding of aluminum is considered one of the hardest to perform as the expansion and contraction is so great. Great care must be used in preheating as the metal melts without changing color and I have seen instances where all the welder had left of the part to be welded was a molten mass. A thick oxide is always present when welding, and is one of the things which make the welding of this metal a rather hard task. The usual practice is to hold the torch in the left hand (in the case of one who is right handed) and using the right hand to puddle and scrape off the oxide. A piece of steel welding rod is flattened at the point and polished and is used as a scraper as the flux used in welding cannot be depended on to remove all of the oxide. I have found in the heavier welding of this class that keeping the filler rods cool in a bucket of water and heating the point just before inserting in the weld that the filling in can be done rather easily as the oxide from the rod joins that at the surface of the weld and the metal flows together nicely under the oxide which stays on the surface.

The welding and cutting torches play a great part in nearly all of the industries of today. Foundries use them for cutting risers and gates from large castings and filling up blowholes and welding up other defects in the castings turned out by them. Manufacturers of

(Continued on page 22)

Aspen Ridge Senior Girl Scout Camp at Burnt Lake

SUNDAY, August 16, saw the completion of the Senior Girl Scout Camp at Burnt Lake, when trucks and cars from Rock Springs arrived and the Owlette troop left their woodsy nest at Hootville, the Reliance Bears their summer home, the Eagles their high perch, the Beavers their Lakeside dan, and the Tippicanoes their quiet hillside and the following Girl Scouts returned to their homes: Kathrine Torndran, Mary Torndran, Edith Menghini, Alma Pedri, Mary Helms, Thelma McGregor, Lena Anselmi, Fanny Anselmi, Lily Berta, Jeuny Lewis, Mary O'Donnell, Alice O'Donnell, Irma Dona, Kathleen Jack, Ruth McDonald, Esther Mathis, Darhl Drauey, Margaret Basakey, Norma Young, Nell Young, Lenise Page, Lois Page, Margaret Chambers, Ruth Crocker, Margaret Crocker, Thelma Steitler, Agues Son, Hattie Edom, Amy Harvey, Marjorie Hansen, June Black, Velma Black, Virginia Davis, Sarah Gibbs, Ione Buckles, Rachel Buckles, Mary Foster, Kathrine Spence, Mary Kelly, Jeanette Zeiher, Elleu Spence, Katie, Fouks, Margaret Telke, Eleanor Bastalich, Helen Lazlo, Verna Vollack, Caroliue Thompsou, Ina Wiljake, Velma Wiljake, Jenny Lusher, Elizabeth Wilson, Edna Bell, Ada Bell, Pearl Carlson, Marian Chambers, Mary Bolan, Anna Bonelli, Anna Kudar, Angela Manuni, Louise Wilde.

The Senior Camp Band. Alice O'Donnell, Organist; Bobby and Agnes Stendahl, Violinists; Miss Beck with a Banjo and Louise Page with both a bass and a kettle drum.

The Senior Scouts had two weeks at Camp as had the Juniors, with a program which started at six in the moruing with a rising whistle, colors at six-forty-five, breakfast at seven, inspection at niue, games at ten, luncheon at twelve, a rest-home until two-thirty, when came three swimming classes; then boat-rides in the three boats donated to the Scouts by the three lumber companies of Rock Springs; dinner at six, Campfire at seven-thirty and taps at uine. This, the regular schedule, was exchanged for picnic trips across the lake and up to the Second Lake, riding trips to Half Moon Lake, Boulder Lake aud Marsh Lake, for each girl got one half-day riding trip with Guide McPherson; with over-night and day time hikes.

The last week-end at Camp always marks its High poiut when a camardarie has been developed, when camp esprit de corps has been established and when the realization comes that it is all nearly over. The week-end of August 14th to 16th, was no exception to this general rule. First came Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson to spend the week-end, Mr. Dickinsou to teach non-instrument map making with pacing and a compass, a

Mr. A. W. Dickinson teaches us map making.

requirement for the first class scout test. The Co-ed Ball came ou Friday evening, and was to have been held in Greenwood Camphitheatre, but was, because of the rain, transferred to the huge tent of the Reliance Bears, where lighted by two lanterns and many candles the Scouts danced to the music of the Camp Orchestra, in which Alice O'Donnell played the little organ, loaned to us for the second year, by Mrs. Charles Outsen; Miss Agues Stendahl and swimming Teacher Bobbey played violius, Mrs. Beck a banjo and Louise Page excellently improvised drums aud cymbal. What mattered that some officer missed her wash bowl the next morning or that no one had their own clothes or that the tent of Mr. McVicar and the Boy Scout "Cookies" had been raided for every last bit of Masculine attire? The Co-ed Ball was a success and shieks and shebas, tall gallants aud petite belles, George and Martha Washingtons, Movie Stars and Queeus and fairy story ladies and gentlemen sang and danced in spite of the lack of a roof for the theatre or anything but a leaf-mould floor in the Bears tent, sang to the camps:

"Mid hail storms and rainstorms, uid darkness and damp
Be is ever so stormy, there's no place like camp.
For the charm of the scout spirit still clings to us there
Though we search through the world its not met with else where."

The Owlettes go riding with guide McPherson.

(Contiuued on page 18)

Junior Girl Scout Camp

Didn't We Have A Good Time?

By Lillian Robbins

Elsie Knox,
Junior Camp Honor Scout

DID WE have a good time? Ask any Junior Girl Scout who was so fortunate as to have spent the two weeks from July 19th to August 2nd at the Girl Scout Camp on Burnt Lake. This is the first year the Juniors have had a camp session of their own, and it proved a great success. The Scouts hailed from Rock Springs, Reliance, Superior and Winton, to add their enthusiasm to that of their sister scouts.

The camp routine included work and play. Everybody was up at six o'clock and into their bathing suits for a dip in the lake. Surprising to say dips became more popular each morning and more than forty appeared for the last morning dip. After the dip came the morning setting up drills and then colors and flag raising. It was indeed an honor to be selected as a color guard for one's troop, and the five scouts who composed the guard held their heads high in anticipation of their duty.

After the morning salute to the staff the girls ran down to the "dining room," an array of tables and chairs, the sky for a roof, the earth for a floor. And then — breakfast! OH! those pancakes—and that French toast. No scout can ever forget the breakfasts that Mrs. Marshall and Mr. "Mac" served as the line filed past the kitchen

At Campfire we had songs and music with Mrs. Outsen's little organ, the delight of the Camp.

Everybody to Retreat at Flag Hill through a grove of Aspens

Ben Butler arrives with a load of provisions in his three ton White truck.

with their dishes and "silverware." And they passed more than once. Loyalty forbids mentioning just how many times some of the girls did go back for more pancakes.

After breakfast the girls "pitched in" on their camp duties. Some tidied the tents, some cleaned the grounds, some helped in the kitchen, and for an hour until inspection at nine the whole camp was astir with busy, willing

workers. Then came the meeting of the staff, followed by a meeting of the Girl Scout Court of Honor. The Court of Honor was composed of the Patrol Leaders of the varions troups and Miss Jessie McDiarmid, the Camp Director. They served as the executive body that decided upon camp duties, awards, etc. One of the most important of their duties was the selection of the Camp Honor Scout, the girl who was considered to have lived up to her Girl Scout promise and laws to the best of her ability. This year, Elsie Knox, from the Carnation Troop, known in camp as the "Wild Rose Troop," was awarded the coveted honor.

After tent and personal inspection was over, the girls worked on basketry which was taught by Mrs. P. A. Courtney of Winton, who was the counselor of the scouts from Winton, or else learned to sew and darn. Mrs. Ebeling of Reliance, known at camp as the "pantsmender" tanght the needlework. At eleven o'clock, Mrs. Geyer, the captain of the Indian Troop from Rock Springs, showed the girls how to make camp memory books, and the results of her work were most glorifying. The girls enjoyed this work immensely and many of them were very proud of the keepsakes they could have from camp.

Twelve o'clock and more eats! But the scouts did not only eat at meal time. They sang songs and cheered at the tops of their lungs, and it was indeed a rare occasion when every table was qniet. Perhaps it was to work off energy so that they could be qniet during the rest hour that followed luncheon. At any rate, there was never a single officer, nor camp feature, nor troop that did not get their share in the cheers and praises that filled the air during meal time.

After rest hour came swimming, a most enthusiastically received sport. It was a mile walk from camp to the bathing beach, but that didn't phase the youngsters at all. When camp began there were only eight girls who could swim at all. At the end of two weeks twenty-eight earned their beginners buttons by swimming fifty feet free style. The swimming instructor, Miss Lillian Robbins, from Chicago, was indeed proud of the work of the Junior Girl Scouts.

After swimming there was a general free time. Some had duties to perform, many took long walks, and often there were games and songs. At 5:45 the whistle blew for colors and retreat, after which came dinner. Mrs. Marshall and Mr. McVicar, assisted by Chester Stitler, Lester Stitler, and Wright Dickinsou kept the canteen service going at a record breaking rate. And some of the treats are never to be forgotten. One afternoon Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Ebeling made enough lemon cream pies for the whole camp, pies that fairly melted in one's mouth. And before the spell had passed away there was raisin pie. Mrs. Ebeling's culinary aptness did not stop with the pies. One evening all the scouts were armed with spoons and made to stand in line for a dose of medicine that turned out to be some of Mrs. Ebeling's divinity fudge that had not gotten quite hard enough. You should have heard the wails from camp for more medicine until Nurse Glasgow began to think that she would have to produce some remedy for imaginary ills—or an imaginary remedy for real ills.

After the tables had been cleared and the dishes washed, everybody went down to the campfire. Each night one troop gave a program for the entertainment of the camp. Original playlets, songs, parodies, and cheers were included in these programs. Gatherings around the campfire showed talent of which the camp was truly very proud. Thyrell Schlang from Winton sang several selections. Angeline Zigich was well applauded when she sang in her native Serbian tongue. Barbara and Ruth Mulkay danced several times together and Helen Hartney and Florence MacPhie each contributed dances to the campfire entertainments. Blanche McDill was another vocalist who sang at the campfire. One of the best programs was given at the first campfire when Indian Troop presented a little sketch showing the making of the first United States flag. The Scout Troop from Superior gave a lovely little greenwood pageant that was ably coached by their officer, Miss Cahill.

Campfire always ended the scout's day. After the prorgam had beeu given, everybody formed one large circle around the dying coals and sang:

"Day is done, gone the sun
From the lake, from the hill, from the sky,
All is well, safely rest, God is nigh."

(Continued from page 16)

On Saturday came the Water Carnival, when everybody made for the Bathing Beach where Bobby, Swimming Instructor, 1925 Captain of the Uuiversity of Chicago crack swimming team, was waiting to put her apt pupils through their paces. The spectators assembled on the shore and the program was given with zip and aplomb. The girls have accomplished wonders in the short time, and the life saving demonstration was a most valuable lesson. Bobby (Miss Lillian Robbins) gave a spectacular number in which the aquatic beginnings of Mr. and Mrs. Caveman and the little cave children were set forth to the interested audience. She then gave the development of the swimming stroke down to the American crawl of today.

The Saturday evening program, Camp's last program, was put ou in the Theatre and began with a health playlett staged by Nurse Glasgow, with Pearl Carlson as the health fairy. Then came an original pageant with dances arranged by Agnes Stendahl of the University of Wyoming, illustrating the Spirit of Scouting, uniting the various encampments at Aspen Ridge into one, under the blaze of the torch lighted, uniformed "Laws," as they stood just inside the huge Aspen trees that makes the circular "wall" of Greenwood Camphitheatre. Next came a series of stunts and songs with a wedding performed by a darky preacher who was introduced elaborately by another "preacher" whose excellent make-up failed to entirely cover Mr. Dickinsons' deep voice. Then the Camp newspaper arrived, still wet with printers ink or something else, and was read to the assembly by "Freddy" the cowboy editor who hails from Chicago University. Now taps was sung, though it carried for this one night, no "horizontal between the sheets and quiet" significance as the Director ordinarily interpreted it. But since whistle was to blow half an hour earlier the next morning in order that all be ready for the trip home, Scouts tried to sleep.

In the morning everybody bade farewell to Aspen Ridge Scout Camp, after cheers for Camp, its Officers: Mrs. Slieling of Reliance, Bobby of Chicago University, Misses Jane Beck and Agnes Stendahl from Wyoming University, "Will" McDiarmid from Winnipeg, Canada, "Freddy" Weitlanf and Gladys Sibley, Chroniclers, "Singer Dick;" Mrs. Marshall and Mr. McVicar, cooks—and then more cheers for the three honor scouts; Hattie Edom of the Owlettes, Lily Berta of the Beavers, and Marian Chambers of the Tippieanoes.

Tug Of War at the Water Carnival.

Hanna Boy Scout Camp

By Claude Johnson, Jr.

EARLY on the morning of June 9th, 1925, the Boy Scouts were to be seen on their way to the school gymnasium to meet the cars that were to take us to Camp location on Rattle Snake, up at the intake of the Hanna water supply.

All the boys were in good spirits, glad of the opportunity for a camping trip and jokes and stories were related while waiting for the cars. Mr. Mylroie, Scout master, seemed pleased that so many were going but confessed to some disappointment at the number of boys staying home.

We left town between eight and nine o'clock. The morning was bright and the time went fast. The roads were pretty good except that a few spots were muddy, caused by the rain of a couple days before settling in the low places.

We passed a number of sheep herds and several bunches of cattle. The little lambs seemed to stay in bunches of twenty or thirty, but I noticed that one or two grown sheep were with them. I guess they were taking care of the lambs, which were jumping up and down banks of dirt and seemed to feel as happy as we. Some of the cattle were very pretty and must have been well bred as their heads were all white and they were large and well kept. I could not tell what the brand was but it looked the same on nearly all of them so they must belond to the one owner. Some calves in another bunch had patched faces of white and red.

1. Mr. Morgan, the Cook, with 127 pancakes ready for breakfast.
2. In line for chow.
3. Middle peak of Elk Mountain, near the Scout Camp.
4. Dead Timber on mountain side three miles east of camp.
5. A stream of water coming from a snow bank on Elk Mountain.

Cattle like that always look like clowns to me but papa says, "It is the mark of cross breeding." It means they have two kinds of blood in them.

We were soon at the crossing of Rattle-Snake not far below the camp, when Mr. Butler's car stalled in the mud. The men dug the mud away from the wheels and the car was backed out.

We all went to stretching tents and fixing beds, except Mr. Morgan, the cook. He got busy and soon we were called to a good hot dinner. After eating, we finished the camp work and then went fishing, catching enough for breakfast the next morning.

The camp looked real nice as our Scout Master had the "Stars and Stripes" over his tent while the other tents were flying our different patrol flags.

Every day we had "setting up" exercises, breakfast, chopping wood, K. P. duties, and tent inspection besides other work, then dinner, fishing, swimming, supper, games, then "Taps," in other words, going to bed.

The second day we spent three hours repairing a swimming pool. The third day was track meet. The day following, the Girl Scouts came to visit us. We played games. The Scout Master had a short program and in the evening we built a big camp fire and roasted marshmallows.

On Sunday we had Sunday School services and spent the rest of the day fishing. Monday morning the boys of tent No. 1 (to which I belonged) got up early and fixed lunches for our trip to the top of Elk Mountain. It was seven miles to the top. Harold Morgan and I gave out about two miles from the top so we rested a while, ate our dinner and returned to camp.

We took one of our scouts out "Snipe Hunting" and when he came back to camp he was very pale, but did not act afraid. He is a nice boy and a pretty good scout, so I won't give his name.

On Friday we were allowed to do as we pleased. Most of us went fishing. Will Clegg and I caught twenty-six and divided them to take home with us. This was our last day out. The next day we broke camp and came back to Hanna.

The boys who stayed home were all anxious to hear of our trip and of course they missed a good time. I liked Scouting before the trip but like it far better now. Many of us passed a lot of tests while out and I want to say that, "Now is the time to start getting ready for our camp trip next year."

Nine Rah's for the BOY SCOUTS.

Boy Scout Camp at Burnt Lake

THE Boy Scouts' Camp this year held at Burnt Lake, July 2nd to 18th, and was attended by thirty-five boys from Rock Springs and vicinity, who came home healthy and happy after sixteen days of camp life and outdoor sports.

The Rock Springs Rocket commented on the camp as follows:

"The cooking being done by "Mac" was the feature of the camp and as many of the boys said "It is as good as we get at home." "Mac" always had enough of everything and a good variety of everything and if the boy went hungry is was his own fault. Enough praise cannot be given Mr. McVicar in the way he handled the camp and the Rock Springs Scouts are lucky in having a Scout Master like "Mac."

"The fishing during the early part of the camp was exceptional and the fisherman came to camp each night with a full creel.

F. B. McVicar, Scoutmaster, and James Jorgesson of Pinedale, all ready to start Camp.

Gilpin brings in the first fish catch—mountain trout.

"Marvin "Muggins" Johnson is the boss fisherman of the year taking the title from Ralph Gilpin who held the record for last year, although Ralph "Water Dog" Gilpin ran a close second for size and was a little ahead for number. "Muggins" with his new pole given by the Heitz Hardware Company for the largest trout caught by a boy Scout at Burnt Lake, will meet all comers from now on.

"The boats which were given to the Scouts by the three lumber companies of the city arrived on time and were immediately put in use. The skippers were "Little Doc," Chambers and Jimmie Jorgensen, and "Little Doc" is about to apply for a speedster license.

"Swimming was a favorite sport with all the boys; in the swimming meet which was held during the last week of the camp, Henry "Bevo" Beveridge and "Doc" Chambers took the speed events, and Bill Heitz and Jack Koragi were declared the champion mud crawlers.

"The baseball tournament was taken by the Fence Busters who beat the Out Laws three games out of five. The Fence Busters, due to the foxy work of their captain, Jimmie Dykes, played real ball. The officers team, under the direction of Bill Lee took the game which was played after the tournament from the all Scout team, score 11-7. Both these teams worked hard for victory. "Mac" 6 '4' pitched a neat game against Lazalo 4 '6' and won by a lucky break.

"The field meet closing the program was a hotly contested affair. The two Stitler Brothers taking 1st and 2nd in the heavy weight division.

"Henry Beveridge 1st and Frank "Togo" Ikuno 2nd in the light weight.

"Jimmie Jorgensen proved himself to be as good a wrangler of boys as he is of cows and was a great favorite with all the Scouts.

"Bill Lee from the University of Wyoming, took charge of all the athletic events, and games in the camp, giving the boys their daily dozen at 6:10 every morning and looking after the welfare and first aid of the camp. Besides being famous for having the boys eat lettuce, he was a pal to the whole gang and we all hope he is back with us next year.

"A camp fire ended the program, and the woods echoed with the Scout Songs and Yells. Bill O'Donnell and Donald Miller were the soloists of the camp. Steve Postor, on the mouth harp, gave the boys a treat.

"Wright Dickenson was always on hand with his banjo and kept the boys together in their singing.

"Well boys the camp is over and lets go for next year and make it bigger and better than ever, and lets make "Scout Camp for '26" our slogan.

"The boys wish to thank the good people of Rock Springs for their kindness in putting this camp over and hope that they will help make the next camp a 100 per cent."

Hanna Girl Scouts Go to Rattlesnake Creek

By S. L. Morgan

THE Hanna Girl Scouts camped at Rattlesnake Creek from August 9th to August 22nd, under the leadership of Miss Dorothy Christensen. The Captain and seven girls, Muriel and Edith Crawford, Leona Tate, Elizabeth Rae, Merle Heudricks, Evelyn Christensen and Helen Renny, arrived at Camp on Sunday, August 9th, about noou. It was not long before details were busy prepariug dinner and arranging tents. Everybody was ready for bed at 8:30. It was but shortly after this hour when the fun began. The reader will please visualize four Scouts, in a 14 x 16 tent for the first time in their lives, trying to induce the god Morpheus to make them forget their beds at home, amid sundry noises, foreign to town girls, such as the lowing of cattle, croaking of frogs, buzzing of insects, the occasional howl of a coyote. To add to the general intrusion of foreign souuds one of them suddenly discovered that there was a visitor in the tent; flashlights were hastily turned ou and there stood a healthy, sleek pack-rat. Four sets of perfectly good lungs voiced their fears. Soon there was a fusillade of such articles as were close at hand and the rat was routed. The next morniug the girls might have thought it a dream but for the fact that they found themselves without shoes, toothbrushes or vauity cases, those articles having done duty as rat ammunition in the night.

The next day adventures of the night were history and the Water Company's cabin occupied by the girls, began to take on the appearance of a well organized Girl's Camp. Iuroads were made on the pantry supply to such an extent that it was necessary for "Lizzie" to suort into towu for more supplies. Upon the writer's return to camp with "Lizzie" and the supplies, he was greeted by the entire group, all excited, all trying to explain something and given to understand that a rattlesnake had visited Camp—more that the girls had killed him. He may be forgiven if, after the experience of the pack-rat, he fouud it difficult to believe the story. But Muriel Crawford produced the "spoils of war"—five rattles and a button which she, as chief foeman, claimed as her prize.

Mouday was devoted to climbing Elk Mountain and here the credit goes to the girls. They passed the mark reached by the boys by toppiug Middle Peak! It was a foot-sore aud hungry group that returned to Camp and beat taps by an hour.

On Thursday everybody climbed aboard Joe Fisher's wagon and started for a picnic up the hillside to the mouument erected to the memory of Robert Widdowfield and "Tip" Vincent, both under-sheriffs murdered by "Big Nose George" and "Dutch Charlie" on August 19, 1878. "Old Joe" was iu a holiday mood and the girls could not have had a better guide for the trip to this historic spot.

On the last night Camp carried its program over to Mr. Fisher's ranch house where he amused everybody with his reminiscences of his thirty-seven early loves and stories of the early days in this section. After toasting marshmallows, singing songs and story telling, the girls gave a one-act play coached by Miss Jessie McDiarmid who had deighted the girls by a visit to Camp.

The hardest part of the whole job was getting the girls to go home.

The Girl Scouts join in thanking the Community Council, The Union Pacific Coal Company, those who kindly loaned their automobiles for the trip and Captain "Dot" for her untiring efforts, and are saying: "roll on next year for a bigger and—if possible—a better Camp."

Swimming for Women

We are indebted to Miss Lillian Robbins, of Chicago, swimming teacher at the Girl Scouts Camp at Burnt Lake, Wyoming, this year, for the following article. While water for swimming is more or less inaccessible for women in our Wyoming mining towns, the women of Tono, Washington, considering their nearness to the Pacific Ocean, etc., have a golden opportunity to excel at this fine sport.

As women have entered all fields of athletics and sport, they have entered into water activities with a vim and nerve that have made everyone gasp in awe and admiration. Swimming is one sport that is best adapted to women. It takes off surplus weight and builds up weak tissues. It hardens the muscles but only so as to make them strong and enduring and yet keep the gracefulness for which all women strive. Swimming is fun. No matter what phase of water sport one enters, there is always lots of fun in it. Water games form a most important part of recreational activity and swimming competition is one of the best forms of competition we have| It necessitates fine, clean living and women can enjoy it keenly without exerting themselves too much.

Swimming is the most relaxing form of exercise we have. With intelligent practice, a person swims with little effort, and with the development of good form, anyone can swim for miles, even, without undue exertion. Swimming develops co-ordination of muscles, one of the most difficult things for women to do with ease. In learning to swim, the beginner starts out with simple exercises that require no co-ordination and progresses by degrees, until she is able to master the co-ordination of such strokes as the breast and trudgeon. Later the swimmer learns to perform difficult dives, simply by good muscular control and nerve.

Then, there is that all important factor in swimming, water safety. Here women are on a par with men. In life-saving work they learn to break holds, carry victims and resuscitate drowning persons. They pass the same tests that men pass when they earn their American Red Cross Life-Saving emblems, and they use them to as much advantage. Swimming is really the one sport in which women can consider themselves on a fair level with men, and they enjoy it because of this fact. Swimming is the ideal sport for women from the point of view of health, sport, fun and safety.

The God of Music

"The God of Music," by Edith M. Thomas, an Ohio poetess now living. In this sonnet the poetess has touched the power of Wordsworth or Keats, and placed herself among the immortals.

The God of Music dwelleth out of doors.
All seasons through his minstrelsy we meet,
Breathing by field and covert haunting-sweet
From organ-lofts in forests old he pours:
A solemn harmony: on leafy floors
To smooth autumnal pipes he moves his feet,
Or with the tingling plectrum of the sleet
In winter keen beats out his thrilling scores.
Leave me the viol's frame in secret trees,
Unwrought, and it shall wake a druid theme;
Leave me the whispering shell on Nereid shores.
The God of Music dwelleth out of doors.

—Edith M. Thomas.

The Winton Down Pour

WYOMING, during the summer months, has some very severe rain storms, termed locally as cloudbursts, as the rain is so intense over a small area. The rains come on suddenly and what may have been a dry creek becomes a raging torrent in a short time, destroying property and, in many cases, causing loss of life.

View of timber yard, facing south.

In Rock Springs and in territory contiguous to Rock Springs, there have been many of these disastrous floods in the past.

On July 3rd, 1925, the mining town of Wintou was visited by such a cloudburst. The rain started to fall heavily about 6 o'clock and in a short time the water was flowing in large quantities from the hillsides in the canyon above which Winton is situated.

Considerable property damage was done at Winton and a great deal of water entered No. 7 Mine, through the manway.

Very regrettable was the loss of life which occured when an automobile turned over in the flood near Hay Junction. One man, two women and three children were drowned, their bodies being recovered shortly after the accident happened.

Showing the condition of the timber yard as left by the water. This gives a good view of the area which drained in the valley.

About an hour after the storm the flood had subsided people of the community were appalled at the amount of damage and the loss of life that had resulted.

The pictures shown herewith taken immediately after the flood, will give some idea of its intensity and destructiveness.

Two Problems

There seems to be two big problems before the people today—where to park and where to jump.

List of Engineers' Banks

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is well launched in the banking business, as the following list, published in "Labor," the organ of railroad labor organization, shows:

The following are the Brotherhood banks:

Bank	Capital	Surplus	Resources
B. L. E. Bank & Trust Co. (Birmingham)...	$500,000	$50,000	$1,823,738
B. L. E. Title & Trust Co. (Philadelphia) ..	500,000	250,000	1,365,711
B. L. E. National Bank of Boston	500,000	100,000	2,875,006
B. L. E. Cooperative Trust Co. (New York)	700,000	250,000	7,181,960
B. L. E. Co-op. Nat. Bank (Cleveland) ...	1,000,000	225,000	27,043,115
Nottingham S. & B. Co. (Nottingham, O.) ...	75,000	5,000	799,055
People's Co-op. State Bank, Hammond, Ind.	50,000	27,500	1,735,464
Trans. Brotherhood Nat. Bk. of Minneapolis..	200,000	20,000	2,236,732
Brotherhood Co-op. Nat. Bk. of Spokane	200,000	42,500	2,498,907
Brotherhood Co-op. Nat. Bk. of Tacoma	200,000	40,000	1,012,418
Brotherhood Co-op. Nat. Bk. of Portland, Ore.	200,000	50,000	1,067,230
Total.....	$4,125,000	$1,060,000,	$49,621,336

The "under dog," as he likes to call himself, frequently rails at the "plutocrat" and "Wall Street," forgetful of the fact that Wall Street represents nothing but the combined savings of thousands of men who early in life decided that they could not lift themselves over the fence by "pulling on their own boot straps," working, saving and investing instead. Some evening we will figure out just how much saving it would take on the part of American labor to own all the railroads, steamships, telepraph and telephone lines, electric light companies, etc. On a guess we will fix the period required at less than ten years.

MINE SAFETY

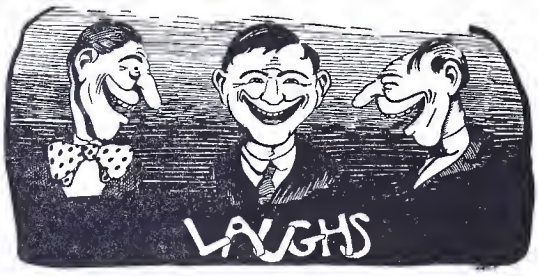
(Continued from page 12)

It has been said that a careful workman is the best known safety device. As applied to coal mining a careful workman is one who does not take chances. He will obey all safety rules and regulations. He will realize his responsibility for his own personal safety as well as for that of his fellow workmen. When the point is reached where all employees in the mines realize their personal responsibility for safety, then, and only then, will the mines be safe.

WELDING

(Continued from page 15)

steel cabinets, filing cabinets, beds, automobiles, mining machines, in fact in anything made of metal the welding processes have been found indispensable. They are used by large junk dealers in building up second hand machinery and are used in cutting up old locomotives, steel armor plate on ships and all large steel or iron wrecking jobs. The pipe lines which are laid for gas distribution and the lines laid to carry oil to refineries or loading stations are welded and few fittings are required as the pipe is cut and welded to any angle. In the repair shops which have really found their uses, they are the one tool which could hardly be done away with.



True to Life

Artist—"This is my latest picture. 'Builders at Work.' It's very realistic."

Friend—"But they are not at work!"

Artist—"Yes, that's the realism!"—Dorfbarbier (Berlin.)

Domestic Economy

He—"But don't you cook much more for dinner than we use, darling?"

She—"Of course, silly! If I don't, how could I economize by making left-over dishes?—Windsor Magazine.

Wouldn't Match

Doctor: "Gargle your throat twice daily with peroxide."

Sweet Young Thing: "But, doctor, why should a brunette like me have blonde tonsils?"—American Legiou Weekly.

Settled

West: "But are you sure, old man, that your wife knows I'm coming home for dinner?"

East: "Of course. Why, I argued about it for half an hour this morning."—American Legion Weekly.

Standard

Him: "I love you as no one ever loved before."

Her: "I can't see much difference."—American Legion Weekly.

Not Impossible

An old New York farmer attended a big picnic at Binghamton and stayed over to watch the dancing at night. He hadn't been out in the world much, and he was deeply impressed with the girls' clothes at that dance.

"Some of the ladies' clothes I see here," he said, plumb puts me in mind of a barbwire fence."

Somebody asked him why.

"Well," said he, "it's this way—they appear to protect the property without obstructin' the view."

—Kansas City Star.

Long Naps

Clerk—You might try our Rip Van Winkle rugs.

Mme.—What is there special about them?

Clerk—They have an unusually long nap.

—Cornell Widow.

Stationary

Son—Mother, who put the statue under the kitchen sink?

Mother—Sssh, sonuy, don't make any noise. That's the plumber. —Stanford Chaparral.

Progress

James McGillicuddy's Rolls-Royce was stolen while standing in front of the county poor house, where he was visiting his aged parents.—From the Dowagiac (Mich.) News.

Reasons

"I never knew till I got a car," said Bishop Everton, "that profanity was so prevalent."

"Do you hear much of it on the road?"

"Why," said the Bishop, "nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully."

Ex.

Seen It All

An old Scotchman, noted for his convivial ways, was threatened with blindness.

"Now, McTavish," said the doctor, "it's like this; you'll have to stop drinking or lose your eyesight, and you must make the choice."

"Ay, weel, doctor," said McTavish, "I'm an auld mon noo, an' I was just thinking': I hae seen aboot everything—that's worth seein'!"

A Horse On Harry

Harry Diamond went to a small country town in New Hampshire to spend his vacation.

At the station he took the stage which was drawn by two dilapidated horses and found that he had no smaller change than $5.00 which he handed to the driver.

The driver looked at it for a moment or so and then said—"Which horse do you want?"

Pork for Teacher

This is a favorite story told by our Mr. Gossman dating back to the days when he was a boy.

Years ago it was the custom in Iowa by the country folks to work out their taxes by boarding the teacher which meant that from time to time, he was supplied with food from various quarters.

One day Otto sought the teacher and said, "Say teacher, my Pa wants to know if you like pork?"—"Indeed I do," was the reply. "Say to your father that there is nothing in the way of meat, that I like better than pork."

Some time elapsed and there was no pork. One afternoon the teacher asked Otto,—"How about that pork your father promised me?"—"Oh," answered Otto." "The pig got well."

Dead Horses

Jack Desmond was fixing the automobile. "Trouble?" asked a by-stander—"Some," was Jack's reply."What power car is it?" "Sixty horse," came the answer. "What seems to be the matter with it?" "Well, from the way it acts, I should say that fifty of the horses were dead."

Help Wanted

"Want a job, eh?" said Mr. Lemont to the shrewd-looking applicant for the position as errand boy. "Well, do you know how far the moon is from the earth?"

"Naw, Sir," said the youth, "I don't know. But it ain't close enough to prevent me from running your errands."

He got the job.

$5.00 A Shot

Last week when Mr. Kyle was playing golf a negro lad crossed the links and Mr. Kyle had just given the ball a vigorous stroke and the lad received it squarely on the head. It was a heavy blow—but it only stunned the boy, who after blinking his eyes for a moment or so, was himself again.

Mr. Kyle, who had rushed up fearing that the lad had been badly injured, was relieved to find that he took it so calmly, and pulling a $5.00 bill from his pocket, gave it to the youngster as a salve for his feelings.

The boy looked at the bill and grinned with delight, then he looked at Mr. Kyle and inquired, "When are you going to play again?"

Old Timers' Page

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moon

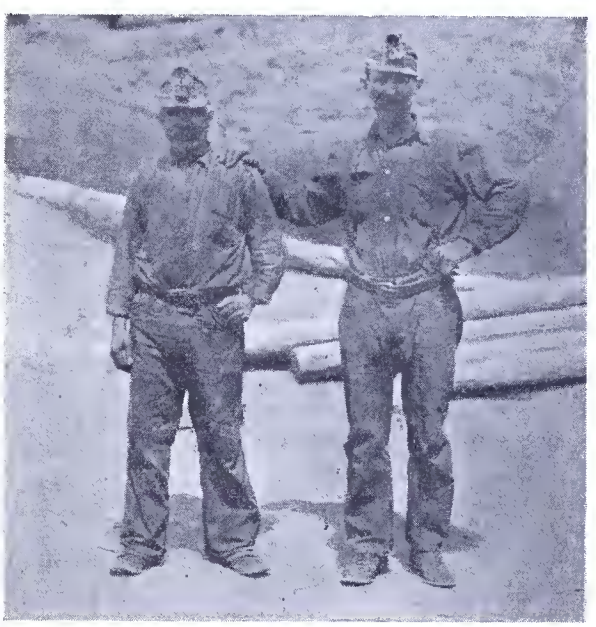
Mr. Moon Transferred from Rock Springs to Winton as Boss Driver

ONLY a comparatively young man, Mr. Moon has spent twenty seven years in the employment of The Union Pacific Coal Company, beginning his services at Almy in 1898. From 1901 to 1905 he was at Spring Valley, coming to Rock Springs in 1905, where he has worked continuously until transferred to Winton in July 1925.

Mr. Moon has been a faithful, loyal and efficient employee and his promotion comes as a reward for his services.

Two Sturdy Old Timers

WILLIAM PRICE, Hoistman Mine No. 7, Rock Springs, was born in Wales, January 27th, 1861, came to this country in 1880, settling in Iowa for a short period, thence moved to Montana. Began work for The Union Pacific Coal Company in No. 6 Mine, Rock Springs, in 1883, and has seen continuous service with them with the exception of a short time spent in Colorado. He has worked as a Mule Driver, Motorman and Hoisting Engineer in practically all the mines of the company here and and is the proud possessor of a gold button covering his forty years connection therewith.



William Price William Davis

William Davis, Timberman No. 7 Mine, Rock Springs, likewise came from Wales, where he first saw the light of day in 1864. He came to America in 1886, locating in Rock Springs, and has been continuously in the employ of our company ever since. He also worked at Almy for a short period.

Human Relations in Industry

By Thomas Foster

DURING the month of July I had the opportunity of attending the week-end conference on "Human Relations in Industry," also the school for "Industrial Railroad and Business Executives," held on the Y. M. C. A. grounds at Estes Park, Colorado, at which time I listened to several addresses on the above subjects which proved of much interest.

The Y. M. C. A. is doing a great work in promoting this conference and school, and should receive all the co-operation that is possible for its continuation and extension.

One of the speakers talked on "Community Craftsmanship," and the point most strongly emphasized was a man's mental attitude toward his work and his employer, developing the fact that his position toward his work has a great bearing on his home life.

"The Mind as a Factor in Industrial Accidents," was the theme of another speaker, who related why a great many accidents had happened, also how his company had reduced the number of same during the last few years.

Other subjects which received attention were: "Dependency—America's Startling Problem," "The Next Year and Beyond," "A Friendly Basis for Industrial Relations," and "The Human Factor in Production," all of which were well received.

The conference ended on Sunday, July 19th, and the school opened on July 20, papers being read on subjects such as: "Utility Operation," "Co-operative Management," "Building and Maintaining Confidence in Industrial Operations," and, "Training for Leadership." The school was in session from 8:30 A. M. to 12:25 P. M., and in the evening a forum was held for the discussion of questions that had arisen during the day.

"Human Relations in Industry" is a big problem, and it enters into nearly every thing that has to do with production. The safety spirit that nearly all big companies are trying to instill in their employees and the welfare work that is being done, supplemented by heavy expenditures of money, shows that they are all interested in the human factor.

Cumberland Band at Lagoon

By Geo. A. Brown

CUMBERLAND Band journeyed to Lagoon, Utah, Sunday August 16th, to participate in the amateur band contest held at that place. Fifteen bands entered, and five bands were to play on each Sunday from the 2nd of August to the 16th, inc. The six bands scoring the largest number of points out of the fifteen to play off on the 20th of August for the prizes. These bands were from different places in Utah, Cumberland being the only band out of the state competing.

The Cumberland Band made an excellent showing and were congratulated by quite a number of people on their performance. They were defeated but not disgraced, being eliminated from the finals by one point. All of the boys had a good time and were pleased at their showing in such keen competition as four of the bands chosen for the finals tied in points, so all we can hope for is better luck next time.

Quite an army of boosters went along from our town which shows interest was not lacking at home.

The Brahmin, The Tiger, and The Jackal

DO you know what a Brahmin is? A Brahmin is a very good and gentle kind of man who lives in India, and who treats all the beasts as if they were his brothers. There is a great deal more to know about Brahmins, but that is enough for the story.

One day a Brahmin was walking along a country road when he came upon a Tiger, shut up in a strong iron cage. The villagers had caught him and shut him up there for his wickedness.

"Oh, Brother Brahmin, Brother Brahmin," said the Tiger, "please let me out, to get a little drink! I am so thirsty, and there is no water here."

"But Brother Tiger," said the Brahmin, "you know if I should let you out, you would spring on me and eat me up."

"Never, Brother Brahmin!" said the Tiger. "Never in the world would I do such an ungrateful thing! Just let me out a little minute, to get a little, little drink of water, Brother Brahmin!"

So the Brahmin unlocked the door and let the Tiger out. The moment he was out he sprang on the Brahmin, and was about to eat him up.

"But, Brother Tiger," said the Brahmin, "you promised you would not. It is not fair or just that you should eat me, when I set you free."

"It is perfectly right and just," said the Tiger, "and I shall eat you up."

However, the Brahmin argued so hard that at last the Tiger agreed to wait and ask the first five whom they should meet, whether it was fair for him to eat the Brahmin, and to abide by their decision.

The first thing they came to, to ask, was an old Banyan Tree, by the wayside. (A banyan tree is a kind of fruit tree.)

"Brother Banyan," said the Brahmin, eagerly, "does it seem to you right or just that this Tiger should eat me, when I set him free from his cage?"

The Banyan Tree looked down at them and spoke in a tired voice.

"In the summer," he said, "when the sun is hot, men come and sit in the cool of my shade and refresh themselves with the fruit of my branches. But when evening falls, and they are rested, they break my twigs and scatter my leaves, and stone my boughs for more fruit. Men are an ungrateful race. Let the Tiger eat the Brahmin."

The Tiger sprang to eat the Brahmin, but the Brahmin said,—

"Wait, wait; we have asked only one. We have still four to ask."

Presently they came to a place where an old Bullock was lying by the road. The Brahmin went up to him and said,—

"Brother Bullock, oh, Brother Bullock, does it seem to you a fair thing that this Tiger should eat me up, after I have just freed him from a cage?"

The Bullock looked up, and answered in a deep, grumbling voice,—

"When I was young and strong my master used me hard, and I served him well. I carried heavy loads and carried them far. Now I am old and weak and cannot work, he leaves me without food or water, to die by the wayside. Men are a thankless lot. Let the Tiger eat the Brahmin."

The Tiger sprang, but the Brahmin spoke very quickly:—

"Oh, but this is only the second, Brother Tiger; you promised to ask five."

The Tiger grumbled a good deal, but at last he went on again with the Brahmin. And after a time they saw an Eagle, high overhead. The Brahmin called up to him imploringly,—

"Oh, Brother Eagle, Brother Eagle! Tell us if it seems to you fair that this Tiger should eat me up, when I have just saved him from a frightful cage?"

The Eagle soared slowly overhead a moment, then he came lower, and spoke in a thin, clear voice.

"I live high in the air," he said, "and I do no man any harm. Yet as often as they find my eyrie, men stone my young and rob my nest and shoot at me with arrows. Men are a cruel breed. Let the Tiger eat the Brahmin!"

The Tiger sprang upon the Brahmin to eat him up; and this time the Brahmin had very hard work to persuade him to wait. At last he did persuade him, however, and they walked on together. And in a little while they saw an old Alligator, lying half buried in mud and slime, at the river's edge.

"Brother Alligator, oh, Brother Alligator!" said the Brahmin, "does it seem at all right or fair to you that this Tiger should eat me up, when I have just let him out of a cage?"

The old Alligator turned in the mud, and grunted, and snorted; then he said,—

"I lie here in the mud all day, as harmless as a pigeon; I hunt no man, yet every time a man sees me, he throws stones at me, and pokes me with sharp sticks, and jeers at me. Men are a worthless lot. Let the Tiger eat the Brahmin!"

At this the Tiger was bound to eat the Brahmin at once. The poor Brahmin had to remind him, again and again, that they had asked only four.

"Wait till we've asked one more! Wait until we see a fifth!" he begged.

Finally, the Tiger walked on with him.

After a time, they met the little Jaekal, eoming gayly down the road toward them.

"Oh, Brother Jackal, dear Brother Jaekal," said the Brahmin, "give us your opinion! Do you think it right or fair that this Tiger should eat me, when I set him free from a terrible eage?"

"Beg pardon?" said the little Jackal.

"I said," said the Brahmin, raising his voice, "do you think it is fair that the Tiger should eat me, when I set him free from his eage?"

"Cage?" said the little Jackal, vacantly.

"Yes, yes, his cage," said the Brahmin. "We want your opinion. Do you think—"

"Oh," said the little Jackal, "you want my opinion? Then may I beg you to speak a little more loudly, and make the matter quite clear? I am a little slow of understanding. Now what was it?"

"Do you think," said the Brahmin, "it is right for this Tiger to eat me, when I set him free from his cage?"

"What cage?" said the little Jackal.

"Why, the cage he was in, said the Brahmin. "You see—"

"But I don't altogether understand," said the little Jaekal, "You 'set him free,' you say?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the Brahmin. "It was this way: I was walking along, and I saw the Tiger—"

"Oh, dear, dear!" interrupted the little Jackal; "I never can see through it, if you go on like that, with a long story. If you really want my opinion you must make the matter elear. What sort of eage was it?"

"Why, a big, ordinary eage, an iron eage," said the Brahmin.

"That gives me no idea at all," said the little Jackal. "See here, my friends, if we are to get on with this matter you'd best show me the spot. Then I can understand in a jiffy. Show me the eage."

So the Brahmin, the Tiger, and the little Jackal walked baek together to the spot where the eage was.

"Now, let us understand the situation," said the little Jaekal.

"Brahmin, where were you?"

"I stood by the roadside," said the Brahmin.

"Tiger, where were you?" said the little Jackal.

"Why, in the eage, of course," roared the Tiger.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Father Tiger," said the little Jackal. "I really am so stupid; I cannot understand what happened. If you will have a little patience,—how were you in the eage? What position were you in?"

"I stood here," said the Tiger, leaping into the eage, "with my head over my shoulder, so."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said the little Jaekal, "that makes it much clearer; but I still don't quite understand—forgive my slow mind—why did you not come out, by yourself?"

"Can't you see that the door shut me in?" said the Tiger.

"Oh, I do beg your pardon," said the little Jackal. "I know I am very slow; I ean never understand things well unless I see just how they were; if you could show me now exactly how that door works I am sure I eould understand. How does it shut?"

"It shuts like this," said the Brahmin, pushing it to.

"Yes; but I don't see any lock" said the little Jackal, "does it lock on the outside.

"It locks like this," said the Brahmin. And he shut and bolted the door!

"Oh, does it, indeed?" said the little Jackal. "Does it, indeed! Well, Brother Brahmin, now that it is locked, I shonld advise you to let it stay locked! As for you, my friend," he said to the Tiger, "I think you will wait a good while before you'll find anyone to let you out again!" Then he made a very low bow to the Brahmin.

"Good-by, Brother," he said. "Your way lies that way and mine lies this; good-bye!"

From Sara Cone Bryant's Stories to tell children.

"Dad"

HE MAY wear a last year's straw hat, his finger nails may need manicuring; his vest may hang a little loose, and his pants may bag at the knees; his face may show signs of a second day's growth, and the tin dinner bucket he carries may be full of dents and doughnuts, but don't you call him "the old man." He's your father.

For years he has been rushing around to get things together. Never once has he failed to do the right thing by you. He thinks you are the greatest boy on earth, bar none, even though you plaster your hair back, wear smart clothes, smoke cigarettes, and fail to bring home a cent. He is the man who won the love and life partnership of the greatest woman on earth, your mother.

He is "Some" man, and not "the old man." If you win as good a wife as he did, you will have to go some, boy.—From "Flash."

Rock Springs

F. B. McVicar was in from the Scout Camp on Burnt Lake; he brought in a little girl from Reliance who was taken ill.

Frank Madison has moved into the house reeently vacated by Tony Pavich on Ninth Street.

Frank Graber who was recently injured in No. 4 Mine has again returned to work.

Wm. Moon and family have moved to Winton. Mr. Moon has accepted the position of Driver-boss at that place. Thos. Jones and family have moved into the house vacated by the Moons.

Mrs. Ben Butler has been on the sick list but is uow recovering.

F. A. Hunter and family have returned from a vacation spent in Evanston and Salt Lake City.

Roy McDonald has returned from Illinois where he spent the past two months visiting relatives.

G. L. Stevenson is confined at the Wyoming General Hospital where he underwent a minor operation.

H. J. Harrington has returned from a business trip to Omaha.

Matt Morrison is acting as pumper at the No. 6 water plant during the absence of Mr. Munn, who is on a vacation.

Alex Henetz is confined to his home with blood-poisoning in his left hand.

H. L. Denson and H. F. Shoalty, who have been operating the new painting machine, are now at Reliance re-painting some of the mine buildings.

Thos. Overy and family and D. C. Foote and family are spending a vacation on the Sweetwater River.

Elijah Daniels recently underwent an operation for the removal of his tonsils.

Joe Wise is acting as Foreman at No. 7 Mine during the absence of D. C. Foote.

Thos L. Armstrong, formerly of the Company Store, is now employed in the boiler house.

Storekeeper T. A. Marshall and family are enjoying a vacation in Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos J. Dodds, Cumberland, made the mine office a pleasant call. They were returning to Cumberland from Laramie, where they spent a two weeks vacation.

Misses Ruth aud Elda Arbogast, Denver, are visiting with their father, Dr. H. J. Arbogast.

Fred Cousins and family have moved into the house vacated by John Collins on Second Street.

Albert Hardin was up to the Boar's Tusk, north of Rock Springs, where he got the limit of sage chickens.

Emil Berquist and family are enjoying an automobile trip through the Yellowstone National Park.

Elmer Moffit is installing a set of scales near the auto repair shop to be used by the trueks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. Whalen have returned from a trip to Salt Lake City and Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

John Sloan and family have returned from a visit in Lava Hot Spring, Idaho.

H. W. Brown, Station Agent, has gone to South Omaha, where he has accepted a similar position. We are sorry to lose Mr. Brown but congratulate him on his well earned promotion.

Hanna

The many friends of Evan Vietch were shocked and grieved to learn of his death at the Evanston Hospital, on August 3rd. The remains arrived at Hanna on the 5th, services being held at the Episcopal Church, with interment in the Carbon Cemetary on the 6th.

T. H. Butler and family, and Mrs. T. D. Mangan and two daughters, motored to Rock Springs on August 7th to be present at the First Aid and Mine Rescue field meet held on the 8th.

Our First Aid and Mine Rescue Team failed to win the trip to Springfield, Illinois, and were very much disappointed. However, we extend our congratulations to the Cumberland Team, and wish them a pleasant and enjoyable time and success at the National meet.

A serious accident occured on the Lincoln Highway, a short distance west of Medicine Bow on August 8th, the result being one death and one serious injury. Cause—speeding and overturning of car.

Mr. Richard Ober and family departed for Rock Springs on August 10th, and will make their home there for the present. Mr. Ober was superintendent of No. 3½ mine for nearly five years and made many friends during his residence here. We regret the loss of Dick and his family but wish them success in their new home.

The Annual Picnic held by Rathbone Lodge, No. 14, Knights of Pythias, at Smith's Grove on July 26th was well attended aud voted a success by all present.

Dick Spitzer, our popular auto mechanic and proprietor of the Hanna Garage, is demonstrating the new Chrysler Four and Six cars, and has several prospective buyers. Dick informs us that the factory cannot build these cars fast enough to meet the demands and those wishing to purchase should order at once.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company is constructing a new water tank of large capacity near the coal chutes.

Jasper McLennan and family of Superior, and Mrs. R. J. Sholl, of Reliance, motored to Hanna on July 24th, and visited their parents Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Butler, returning to their homes on Sunday, July 26th.

J. R. Mann and family, and O. G. Sharrer and family, are spending their vacation camping near the head waters of the Medicine Bow River.

Climatic conditions in this section of Wyoming are surely changing. Usually our summers are dry and windy, but this summer it has rained nearly every day and we have had no wind. The range is splendid and the Dry Farmers are happy, but haying has been interfered with seriously by the continual rains, and the roads are in a bad condition.

During the week ending July 30th, the First Baptist Church held a series of services in their little church here, Rev. Green being in charge. On Sunday, July 30th, Baptismal services were held at the swimming pond near the reservoir and several children were baptised. The interest taken in Church matters by our colored people is very commendable.

Joseph Walton (Dad) who was injured in No. 4 mine last March, is still confined to the Hospital but is doing as well as can be expected.

John Plakaris and wife are the proud parents of a baby boy born July 26th.

Wm. Moorhear, Assistant General Superintendent, and Mr. Holman, Chief Engineer, of the Stag Canon Branch of the Phelps Dodge Corporation of Dawson, New Mexico, visited the mines here on August 7th and 8th.

Waino Williams has been confined to the Hospital for several days accouut of an infeeted foot.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Watson of Denver are the proud parents of a baby boy born in Hanna on August 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Huhtala are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy born July 24th.

Doctor Stahr, of Nebraska, has arrived and will work as Dr. Fineh's assistant.

Rock Springs American Citizenship Class, 1925.

First Row: Left to Right—John Zadra, Geo. Zeusgich, Mrs. Sara Athen Zustruetor, Mrs. August, Pete Glavota, Mrs. Pete Glavota, E. M. Thompson, Miss Apolonia Mrak, Mrs. Wm. Morris, Mr. Wm. Morris, Ernest Church, John Coppossо, Peter Bernard.

Second Row: Left to Right—Chris Dadich, Lewie Regge, George Gaveoitikis, Jim Feanew, J. H. Bird, Clement Bird, Timothy Zadra, Joe Datlick, George Morphis, Sam Soulis, Harry Ries, Vasilois Mauatakis.

Back Row: Left to Right—Mario Baksich, Tony Begovich, Matt Pivac, Joe Paulich, John Uzelae, Louis Nicholas, August Geritiliui, Gust Kritsovas.

About a dozen Superior Girl Scouts, accompanied by Miss Cahill joined the Rock Springs Girl Scouts at Burnt Lake.

A number of Superior people engaged the Rock Springs swimming pool a week or so ago. After several hours of enjoyment in the pool they enjoyed an appetizing lunch.

Superior residents were grieved to hear of the passing of Samuel Martin, Sr., at the Wyoming General Hospital on Friday morning July 17th. Mr. Martin has been a resideut of Superior for a number of years. He leaves a wife and six sons.

Miss Jessie Wilson of Florence, Colorado, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. D. R. MacKay.

A wedding of interest to Superior people occurred in Denver on Monday, July 27th, when Miss Ksenia Asiala of Rock Springs, formerly a teacher at Thayer Junction, and Mr. James Serras of Superior were married. Their many friends extend congratulations.

On July 23rd Mrs. Rud Robinson entertained the Bridge Club. Mrs. Joe Moser was winner of the first prize. Miss Hay of Rock Springs was a guest.

Superior is rejoicing over the prospects of having soft water in the near future.

Mrs. Scott of South Superior has returned from Laramie where she attended the first session of summer school.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Norris are the parents of a baby girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Applegate and family left on August 1st for Fort Collins, Colorado, where the children will attend school this winter. Mr. Applegate will return to Superior after a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh and Mr. and Mrs. Matthew gave a delightful party Thursday evening, July 30th in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Applegate. The McIntosh home was the center of merriment and many friends enjoyed a happy time.

Mrs. Hagenstein entertained the Bridge Club, Thursday, August 13th. Mrs. Hay won first prize, Mrs. Wyman second, and Mrs. Massie the consolation.

Miss Zella Levesque spent her vacation in Salt Lake City, visiting with frieuds.

A uumber of Superior people spent their vacation in Yellowstone Park. Among them were Mr. M. A. Hansen and family, Mr. P. O'Connell and family, and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hood.

Winton

Painters at work here for the past few weeks have been "dolling" up the houses. They now present a very attractive appearance in their coats of various colors with trimmings to match, and the work has improved the appearance of the district considerably.

The Megeath Scout Girls returned from Burnt Lake Suuday, August 2nd, where they had been encamped for two weeks. Those attending were: Agnes Mulligan, Janet Herd, Betty Hanks, Gladys Ream, Mary Tassart, Dancel Sikich, Augustine Marcy, Thyrell Schlang, Alice Ream, Ruth Rastall, Lillian Kinyon, Alice Hanks, Emilline Guitay, Evangeline Shuttleworth and Esther Mathis. The latter will remain for an additional two-weeks duriug the Senior Girl Scout Camp. The Misses Mary and Mildren Foster are also attending the Senior Camp. Mrs. Courtney, Scout Mother, has also returned.

Mr. S. A. Fertig left for Provo, Utah, Saturday, August 1, where he intends to locate permanently.

Mr. G. A. Neal, Machiue Boss, has returned from his vacation spent visiting frieuds and relatives in Denver. Mrs. Neal and baby have prolonged their stay and will returu later.

Messrs. Elmer Johnson and George Petroff are back from a pleasant outing spent in the North country.

Mrs. Roy Wiley and son, Roy, of Ft. Collins, Colorado, visited friends here a few days this month. They were formerly residents of Megeath.

William Russell has returned from an extended trip to Parco, Rawlins and Cheyenne.

Both our main hoist engineers are exhibiting recently purchased cars, Mr. F. A. Kaul being the owner of a Hupmobile Sedan, and Mr. Hugh Gregory equally as proud of his new Ford Sedan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Sutton are away on their vacation, visiting friends and relatives in Denver and other points in Colorado.

Mr. Albert Schlang, who was recently injured by a fall of rock while at work at the air shaft, has been released from the hospital and is rapidly recovering.

Cumberland

Miss Mary Blacker has been absent for two weeks visiting relatives in Star Valley.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell a baby girl, July 11th.

Mrs. W. W. Williams has been in Salt Lake City for the past month, where she can be near Mr. Williams who is in the L. D. S. Hospital.

Miss Singa Robinson has returned to Cumberland after an extended visit with her sister at Salt Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Homan spent their vacation touring Yellowstone Park.

Mr. Gus Spekas was a recent week-end Salt Lake visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blacker spent a week touring Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Williams were in Salt Lake City two weeks on vacation.

Mr. Alton Maupin, teamster for the Union Pacific Store, and Miss Annie Walker were married at Diamondville, Wyoming, Sunday, August 2nd. The community extends wishes for a happily married life.

The Ladies Embroidery Club entertained their husbands at another "500" party Wednesday evening. Mrs. Evan Reese received prize for high score for ladies, and Mr. Evan Reese for men, while Mrs. Martin Reiva received consolation for ladies and Mr. Peter Boam for the men. All report a lovely time. The hostesses for the evening were Mrs. G. Brown, Mrs. Axtel Johnson and Mrs. W. H. Walsh.

Mr. Bert Williams spent a week in Denver purchasing fall stock, together with Mr. E. R. Jefferis and the other store managers.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dodds vacationed at Laramie, Wyoming, visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Bernice Stooky, Home Demonstration Agent for Lincoln County, was a Cumberland visitor a few days this week. While here she and the Girls' club leaders decided upon those girls who would attend the State Fair at Douglas, Wyoming, in September. Thelma Rock and Velma Goddard were the lucky girls who were chosen.

Reliance

The work on the new school house is progressing rapidly and the building will be ready for occupancy at the end of the allotted hundred and twenty days.

The new painting machine has been operating in middle camp. The Bungalow and many of the dwelling houses have been brightened up, making the camp look more prosperous.

Mrs. John Holen has returned from Denver much improved in health.

The seven Boy Scouts from Reliance, returned from the summer Scout Camp, report a glorious time. Scout Master Hamblin plans to have a much larger troup to send next year.

Mr. Dick Gibbs and family are taking their summer trip.

Mr. Hamblin, weighman, has returned from his trip east.

Mr. Burton, the night watchman, is again on duty after an absence of several weeks.

The twenty-eight Girl Scouts have had their outing also and are quite enthusiastic about the good time given them.

Mrs. Rudolph Ebeling returned to the Scout Camp for the final week, where she presided as hostess.

Mrs. Jas. Rafferty is away for a summer vacation.

Mrs. Jack Portwood is visiting in Denver.

Wm. Spence and family have returned from their trip to various points in Wyoming and Utah.

Chas. Deane is again at his post in the Union Pacific Store after a vacation spent at Cokeville, his old home. While away he motored to Jackson's Hole and viewed the big slide, getting some good pictures of it. Mr. Deane says it is the most stupendous thing of that kind he ever saw.

Mrs. Wm. Sisk has been enjoying a visit from her father and mother from South Dakota, also her sister and family from Missouri.

Miss Alice Sandiford, the Girl Scout Regional Director, now at the summer camp, brings word of the enthusiasm evoked by their first aid work when reported in the East. An invitation to exhibit before the Boston Convention was considered but later on dropped because of the difficulty of financing the trip. Miss Sandiford is now considering the possibility of getting the teams to the Colorado Springs Convention.

Mrs. Roberts of Cokeville, mother of Floyd Roberts, has been visiting here during her son's absence in Denver on business.

A Wyoming desperado—Luke Harrington of Reliance—in 1912.

Tono

Mrs. John Schuck spent a week in Enumclaw visiting her mother recently.

Mr. Redmond Paul, who recently went to Butte, Montana, has returned to Tono.

Mr. and Mrs. George Clark are the prond parents of a baby boy, born July 27th.

Grannie Lindsay and her danghter of Bellingham, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Richardson.

Mrs. O. Lodge and her daughters Lillian and Lucille, of Red Lodge, Montana, spent a week at the home of Mrs. George Paul.

Mrs. Jack King is in Oregon visiting her mother.

Mrs. Edson of Centralia spent a week end at the home of Mrs. Fred Planetta.

Mrs. Herbert Holland, of Centralia, was a guest at the home of her mother, Mrs. E. C. Way.

Dr. John Pieroth has been busy removing tonsils and adenoids from the citizens of Tono. Among those undergoing operations are Mrs. Chas. Dalhstrom, Miss Fannie Johnson, Edward and Junior Hall, and the Millern children.

Miss Ethel Nicholson returned to Tono after spending several weeks in Bellingham at the home of her sister.

Friends are glad to learn that Mrs. Wm. Hann who has been ill for a period of several months has sufficiently recovered to return home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dahlstrom and Mr. and Mrs. Brierly motored to Lake Quinault recently for a week end.

Mrs. Sloan, of Portland, spent a few days in Tono. She was a guest at the home of her brother, Mr. Charles Dahlstrom.

Miss Anna Rossmaier is the house guest of her aunt, Mrs. Jim Jollo.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Holmes and son, Tom, motored to Long View for a week end.

Tono members of the B. P. O. E. motored to Centralia to attend initiation.

Miss Jean Murray was a week end guest of Miss Fern Ness at her home in Centralia.

Mr. George Friend of Renton is here visiting "Whiskers" Friend.

A delegation of fight fans motored to Olympia, on the night of August 3rd to see Johnny Hawkes, the "Pride of Tono," against Vic Foley, the Canadian "champ," and one of the world's best bantams.

Mr. Bera Boardman received an injnry to his leg recently which will incapacitate him for a week or ten days.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated Sunday afternoon, August 23rd, at the First Christian Church in Centralia, when Miss Gertrude Olds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Olds, became the bride of Mr. Horace Eggler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Eggler. Reverend Mr. Lorrimer read the service at two o'clock. The church was beautifully decorated in white and pink cut flowers and banks of ferns. Miss Irene Patterson sang "Oh Promise Me," accompanied on the piano by Miss Elaine Warren. The bridal party entered the church to the strains of Mendelsohns Wedding March, played by Miss Irene Patterson. Miss Olds, who was given in marriage by her father, was gowned in white crepe over satin, with a veil of tulle caught in a bandeau of orange blossoms, and carried brides' roses and lilies-of-the-valley in a lovely shower. The matron of honor, Mrs. John Schuck, wore a gown of cream net over pink satin and carried pink and white sweet peas. The brides maid, Miss Irene Nelson, wore a pastel pink crepe gown. Mrs. Bob Murray caught the bride's bouquet, but will not be able to take advantage of the omen owing to her present encumbrance. Mr. and Mrs. Eggler will spend their honeymoon in British Columbia and will be at home in Tono after September 1st.

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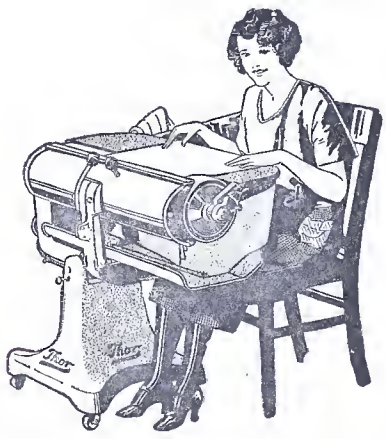

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